

CURRENT ANECDOTES

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Little Stories for Great Texts.

BY J. R. MILLER, D. D.

PRAYING FOR ANGELS. (600)

Heb. 1:7; Job 1:22; Luke 10:2.

A city missionary tells of an experience in London. He was hurrying on his rounds one bitter January day, when he heard cries of little children in a house he was passing. He listened for a moment and knocked at the door, but no one answered. Opening the door he found himself in a miserable apartment, without furniture, without fire. In one corner, on a pile of straw, lay a woman, dead, with two young children clinging to her and crying piteously.

At a moment's glance the missionary saw the sadness of the case, and, falling upon his knees, began to call upon God. He believed in prayer, and pleaded with intense earnestness that heaven would send help to these orphaned children in their great distress. So importunate did he become in his pleading that he spoke rashly, and said: "O God, send thine angel to care for these poor, motherless children. Send at once, or my faith this instant dies." Immediately he seemed to hear, plainly and clearly, as if a divine voice were speaking to him, the words, "Thou art mine angel; for this very purpose did I send thee here." He saw now that he had no right to ask God to send any other messenger to minister to these needy little ones, that prayer was but a waste of God's time and presumptuous. Taking the children by the hand, he quickly led them to a place of shelter where they were cared for. How often do we pray for God to send angels with grace and strength, that we might possess by laying hold of the promises in His word.

THE STRONG MAN. (601)

Isa. 40:10, 11.

"What country is it which I see behind the high mountains?" asked a dying child of its mother. "There are no mountains, my child. You are with your mother in this room," the mother replied. Again, after a

moment, the child whispered, "O mother, I see a beautiful country, and children are beckoning me to come to them. But there are high mountains between us, too high for me to climb. Who will carry me over?" There could only be silence on the mother's lips. In a little while, the child, stretching out its white, wasted hands, whispered, "Mother, the Strong Man has come to carry me over." And the boy was gone—carried over in the arms of the Good Shepherd.

HEART'S BLOOD SERVICE. (602)

Luke 18:24; Rom. 12:1.

A quaint old proverb says: "One cannot have omelet without breaking eggs." If we would do anything really worth while, that will be a blessing in the world, we must put into it not merely easy efforts, languid sympathies, conventional good wishes, and courtesies that cost nothing—we must put into it thought, time, patience, self-denial, sleepless nights, exhausting toil. There is a legend of an artist who had found the secret of a wonderful red which no other artist could imitate. The secret of his color died with him. But after his death an old wound was discovered over his heart. This revealed the source of the matchless hue in his pictures. The legend teaches that no great achievement can be made, no lofty attainment reached, nothing of much value to the world done, save at the cost of heart's blood.

TELL-TALE FACES. (603)

Gen. 32:30; 1 Cor. 13:12.

In some heathen temple the priest puts a mark on the face of the worshipers who have made their offerings before the idol and all day they bear this mark wherever they go. All who see them know where they have been in the morning and what they have done. Nearly every one we meet on the streets carries some mark which tells whence he has come, at what altar he has

knelt. In some faces one sees the look which tells unmistakably of a life of animalism—appetite, lust, passion. It is easy to know at what shrines these bow. Some faces show hardness, coldness, bitterness, and one reads in them the crushing out of the gentleness of the heart's resentment or misanthropy. One's face is marked with the deep furrows of care, telling of anxiety and worry. Here is one that bears traces of sorrow. There are men, too, who worship at the altar of Mammon and women who bow before the goddess of pleasure. Each face tells the story of the life's devotion.

A FOUNTAIN OF STRENGTH. (604)

Ps. 71:16; Neh. 8:10.

The other day a young woman whose work is very hard, with long hours and incessant pressure, took a little time from her noon hour to call upon an older friend, saying, "I felt that if I could see you for five minutes to get an encouraging word, I could get through the afternoon better." What is true of a human friend, is true yet more of God. If we can get a little while with Him when we are weary, when our strength is running low, our life will be put in tune so that the music will be sweet again. We cannot afford to live a day without communion with Christ, to get His strength, joy, and peace, into our hearts.

DUTY BEFORE SORROW. (605)

Luke 9:60.

In a great battle, the commanding officer, leading his men in an assault, came upon the body of his own son, lying on the field. His impulse was to stop and give way to his grief, but he dared not do it. His duty was with his command. The issue of the battle depended upon him. So, falling upon the beloved form, he pressed a hot kiss upon the dead lips, and then went on with his men, braver and stronger for his grief. We may never let life's tasks drop out of our hands for sorrow, not even for an hour. Our work must be finished before the end of the day, and we have not a moment to lose. When we come to render our account, grief will not excuse us for failure in duty, for duties omitted, for life's work unfinished.

THE MAKING OF MEN. (606)

2 Cor. 5:9; Matt. 11:28; Heb. 4:11.

The farmer cultivates his soil, tills his fields, and looks after the manifold duties of his occupation; but this is not all that he is doing; at the same time he is making character of some kind, building up the fabric of his own manhood. The carpenter is working in wood, but he is also working on life—his own life. The mason is hewing stones and setting them in the wall, but he is also quarrying out blocks for the temple of character which he is building in himself. Men in all callings and employments are continually producing a double set of results—in that on which they work and in their own lives. We are in this world to make character, and every hour we leave

some mark, some impression on the life within us, an impression which shall endure when all the work of our hands has perished.

STRENGTH TO DENY SELF. (607)

Rom. 14:23; Rom. 14:13; Rom. 13:14.

The smallest things have their influence upon character and upon the beauty and the helpfulness of a life. It was related recently of an English oculist, that he had given up cricket purely in the interest of his profession. He was very fond of the game, but he found that playing affected the delicacy of his touch and made him less ready for the work he was required to do every day upon the eyes of his patients. A pianist said the other day that he had given up riding his bicycle, because grasping the bars stiffened the muscles of his fingers and affected his playing. There are occupations which in like manner affect the life and character injuriously, hinder the growth of spirituality or make one less effective in work upon the life and character of others. We need to deal with ourselves firmly and very heroically. Anything that unfits us for doing our work in the best way possible we should firmly and conscientiously avoid. If a certain form of amusement dissipates spirituality, we would better not indulge in it. We must seek always to be at our best, ready for whatever duty or service may be required of us. We should see to it that our life always yields fruits that are luscious and sweet, and whatever unfavorably affects the quality of our spirit, our disposition, or our service, should be avoided.

COURTMARTIALING A DISCOURAGER. (608)

John 20:27; John 16:33; Acts 27:25.

It is reported that during the siege of Ladysmith a civilian was arrested, tried by court-martial and sentenced to a year's imprisonment for being a discourager. The man would go along the picket lines, saying disheartening words to the men on duty. He struck no blows for the enemy. He was not disloyal to the country. But he was a discourager. It was a critical time. The fortunes of the town and its brave garrison were trembling in the balance. Instead of heartening the men on whom the defence depended and making them braver and stronger, he put faintness into their hearts and made them less courageous. The court-martial adjudged it a crime to speak disheartening words at such a time. And the court-martial was right. There are men in every community who are continually doing the same thing. They go about everywhere as discouragers. Happy is the church which has not one or more such members on its roll.

CRIME OF BEING A DISCOURAGER. (609)

1 Thess. 2:18; Neh. 4:8; 1 Cor. 9:12.

At some points in the Alps the guides warn tourists not to talk, or to sing, or even to whisper, lest the reverberation of their

words in the air may start an avalanche from its poise on the mountains and bring it down upon the villages and homes in the valley. There are men and women who are carrying such loads of duty, anxiety, or sorrow, that the slightest addition to the weight would crush them. They are battling bravely against odds. They are holding out under great pressure, sustained by a trembling hope of getting through at last, successfully. They are bearing up under a burden of difficulty or trouble, comforted by the expectation that in the end their darkness will turn to light. But everything is in the balance.

Then along comes one of these gloomy discouragers. He has no perception of the fitness of things. He lacks that delicate sympathetic feeling which enables men of a finer grain and a nobler quality to enter into the experience of others and put strength into their hearts. He discovers the mood of anxiety through which his friends are passing. But instead of speaking a word of cheer to help them to be victorious, he talks in a pessimistic or disheartening way which makes their difficulties seem greater, their burdens heavier, and their sorrow altogether hopeless.

TAKING OFF HIS HAT TO NATURE. (610)

Ps. 19.

Hamilton W. Mabie repeats a story which shows how one man at least was affected by the beautiful in nature. One day in the early spring a Scotchman was walking along the side of a mountain in Skye, when he came to a hut in which lived an old man he had known a great many years. He saw the old man with his head bowed, and his bonnet in his hand. He came up and said to him, after a bit: "I did not speak to you, Sandy, because I thought you might be at your prayers."

"Well, not exactly that," said the old man, "but I will tell you what I was doing. Every morning for forty years I have taken off my bonnet here to the beauty of the world."

Beauty wherever it is seen is a reflection of God's face, the shining of heavenly light down upon the earth. Wherever we come upon it, it should touch our hearts with a spirit of reverence. God is near; we are standing in the light of his countenance.

THE FLOWER IN THE CRATER. (611)

Isa. 40: 6; Cant. 2: 2.

Humboldt tells of being deeply touched and impressed by finding a beautiful flower on the edge of the crater of Vesuvius. In a little hollow in the lava, ashes and dust had settled, and when rain had fallen there was a cupful of rich soil ready. Then a bird or the wind had borne a seed and dropped it into this bit of garden on the crater's lip, and a sweet flower grew there. No wonder the great traveler was so moved by such a glimpse of beauty in such a place.

As we go through the world, we come now and then upon human lives which seem

almost utterly dreary and desolate in their condition or in their circumstances. Sorrow or sin has stripped them bare. Yet there is scarcely one such life in which we may not, if we will, cause a flower to bloom. If only we will show thoughtful sympathy, or do some gentle kindness, we will plant a spray of beauty amid the dust and ashes.

FLOWERS IN HIS FOOTSTEPS. (612)

Luke 12: 27; Matt. 12: 15.

There is a legend of Jesus which says that as he walked away from his grave, on the morning of his resurrection, sweet flowers grew in the path behind him. The legend is true in a spiritual sense—wherever his footsteps have pressed the earth, all these nineteen centuries, flowers have sprung up—flowers of love, of kindness, of gentleness, of thoughtfulness. We represent Christ today, and if we fail to make little garden spots about us where we live and where we work, we are not fulfilling our mission, nor obeying the teaching that we should be in the world what he was in the world, repeating his life of love among men. It costs but a little to be a true blessing to others. Selfishness does no garden-making, plants no flowers anywhere. But if we truly love Christ we will have his love in our hearts. Then we shall live not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and living thus we shall be a blessing wherever we go.

BRIGHTENING BLEAK PLACES. (613)

Isa. 35: 1, 2; Matt. 22: 39.

There is nothing greater we can do in this world than to put love into a life where love is lacking. A great novelist relates of one of his characters, a nobleman, that when he walked over his estates, he carried acorns in his pocket, and when he came to a spot which seemed bare he would plant one of them, so that the dreary place might be brightened. We are forever coming upon human lives which by reason of sorrow, failure or misfortune are left bare and empty. If we carry always a heart full of love and cheer, we may drop the living seeds into these sad and lonely places, thus changing desert spots into bits of lovely gardens.

CHRIST-LIKE. (614)

Rom. 15: 5; 1 Pet. 2: 21.

One said of another, "He is a very good man, but he does not remind me of Jesus Christ." Of another it was said: "He makes people fall in love with Jesus Christ." This was a better witness. Those only remind us of Christ who have learned to love as he loved, and to serve in self-forgetful ministry without reserve, without stint, unto the uttermost.

BENEDICTION OF SUFFERING. (615)

Rom. 5: 8; 2 Cor. 1: 4.

It is one of the blessings of pain or suffering that it softens hearts, and woos out gentleness and kindness. A very common experience is given in the story of a worker in one of the slums, which tells of a whole

family completely changed through the influence of a deformed child which became the angel of the home. The father was a laborer, the lads were coarse and uncouth, and the mother, overworked and far from strong, had fallen into untidy habits. But there was born into that home a crippled child, and it was the means of drawing out the sympathy, love and tenderness of the whole family. The man nursed and petted his child evenings; the boys made playthings for her, and showed their affection in all sorts of pleasant ways; the mother kept the window clean, that her child, pillowed on the table, might look out on the court. Thus a large and blessed ministry of kindness was inspired by what seemed a misfortune. The suffering of a child transformed all the household life, making each heart gentler, sweeter, more thoughtful, more unselfish. It is often so. Many a sweet home owes most of its sweetness to a quiet, patient sufferer, whose pain has been the messenger of God to soften hearts and enrich common lives with heavenly tenderness.

CATCHING THE UPPER CURRENTS. (617)

1 Cor. 12: 31; Matt. 19: 21.

Dr. Peabody, in one of his inspiring talks to the students at Harvard, draws a picture of a vessel lying becalmed in a glassy sea. There is not a breath of air to fill a sail. While the men wait and watch, however, they notice that all at once the little pennant far up on the masthead begins to stir and lift. There is not a ripple on the water, nor the faintest moving of the air on the deck; but when they see the pennant stirring they know there is a wind rising in the higher air, and they quickly spread their upper sails to catch it. Instantly the vessel begins to move under the power of the higher currents, while on the surface of the water there is still a dead calm.

In life there are lower and higher currents. Too many set only the lower sails and catch only the winds which blow along on earthly levels. But there are also winds which blow down from the mountains of God. It would be an unspeakable blessing to us all if our life fell under the influence of these upper currents. We would be wise if we so adjusted our relations with others that all our days we should be under the influence of the good, the worthy, the pure-hearted, the heavenly.

GOD'S MAKING US SLOWLY. (619)

Ps. 138: 8; John 1: 5; 1 Thess. 3: 10.

In one of George MacDonald's books occurs this fragment of conversation: "I wonder why God made me," said Mrs. Faber, bitterly. "I'm sure I don't know where was the use of making me."

"Perhaps not much yet," replied Dorothy, "but then he hasn't done with you yet. He is making you now, and you don't like it."

It would give us more patience with ourselves if we always remembered this. We would not get so discouraged with our in-

firmities, imperfections and failures, if we always kept in mind the fact that we are not yet made, that we are only in process of being made, that God is not yet through making us. It would often help us to understand better the reasons for the hard or painful experiences that come to us. God is at work on us, making us. If we yield ourselves to his hand in quietness and confidence, letting him do what he will with us, all will be well.

BUILDING BIRDS' NESTS. (621)

Matt. 16: 26; 1 Tim. 4: 8.

It was one of the conceits of ancient poetry that the oarsman, Charon, was permitted on one occasion to visit the earth. From a lofty mountain top he looked down upon the cities and palaces and works of man. As he went away, he said: "All these people are spending their time in just building birds' nests. No wonder they fail and are ashamed." Building birds' nests to be swept away in the floods, when they might be erecting palaces of immortal beauty to dwell in forever—thus indeed must much of the best of our life and work in this world appear to the angels who look down upon us from heaven and see things as they are.

THE OLD WATER-WHEEL. (622)

One of the most picturesque sights one sees in the country is an old mill, with its water-wheel outside. The water fills the buckets, and all day long the wheel turns round in the sunshine. It seems to be toiling away laboriously enough, but uselessly. You see nothing that it accomplishes by its ceaseless motion: But its shaft runs through the wall, and out of sight within the mill turns the stones which grind the wheat, and the bolts which prepare the flour that feeds many people. There are human lives which, with all their unresting toil, seem to be doing nothing, and yet they project into the sphere of the unseen, and there they turn stones of good, the value of which is in-calculable.

MUSIC OF HEAVEN'S BREATH. (626)

Isa. 58: 8.

One of Frances Ridley Havergal's poems tells of an *Æolian* harp which a friend sent with a letter describing the wonderful sweetness of its tones. Miss Havergal took the harp and thrummed its seven strings, but there were no thrilling strains, only common music. She first read the letter again and found instructions which she had overlooked at first. Then she raised the window and put the harp under the sash. Now the wind swept over the strings and the room was filled with melodious strains which no fingers of man could have produced. Only when the breath of heaven blew upon the harp could its marvelous music be brought out. The human soul is such a harp. Human fingers call out much that is lovely and sweet, but it is only when its chords are swept by the breath of heaven, by the Holy Spirit, that its noblest music is called out.

Illustrations for Evangelistic Services.

From Monday Lectures on "Transcendentalism," by Joseph Cook.

Note: The death of that great master mind not long since, removed the most brilliant defender of the faith America has known for years.

MEASURING A RIVER. (627)

1 Pet. 3: 15.

Napoleon I, one day riding in advance of his army, came to a bridgeless river, which it was necessary that his hosts should immediately cross on a forced march. "Tell me," said the great emperor to his engineer, "the breadth of this stream." "Sire, I cannot," was the reply. "My scientific instruments are with the army; and we are ten miles ahead of it." "Measure the breadth of this stream instantly." "Sire, be reasonable." "Ascertain at once the width of this river, or you shall be deposed from your office." The engineer drew down the cap-piece on his helmet till the edge of it just touched the opposite bank; and then, holding himself erect, turned upon his heel, and noticed where the cap-piece touched the bank on which he stood. He then paced the distance from his position to the latter point, and turned to the emperor saying, "This is the breadth of the stream approximately;" and he was promoted. Men are called upon to measure the way of eternal life for other men in emergencies. God help the man who has nothing but theory—nothing practical—no experience.

BIBLE INSPIRATION. (628)

1 Tim. 6: 20, 21.

Mr. Emerson told a convention of rationalists once, in this city, that the morality of the New Testament is scientific and perfect. But the morality of the New Testament is that of the old. Yes, you say; but what of the imprecatory Psalms? A renowned professor, who, as Germany thinks, has done more for New England theology than any man since Jonathan Edwards, was once walking in this city with a clergyman of radical faith, who objected to the doctrine that the Bible is inspired, and did so on the ground of the imprecatory Psalms. The replies of the usual kind were made; and it was presumed that David expressed the Divine purpose in praying that his enemies might be destroyed, and that he gave utterance only to the natural righteous indignation of conscience against unspeakable iniquity. But the doubter would not be satisfied. The two came at last to a newspaper bulletin, on which the words were written, "Baltimore to be shelled at twelve o'clock." "I am glad of it," said the radical preacher; "I am glad of it." "And so am I," said his companion; "but I hardly dare say so, for fear you will say I am uttering an imprecatory psalm."

CONSENT AND ASSENT TO JESUS. (629)

Acts 5: 32; Rom. 6: 16.

On April 19, 1775, a rider on a horse flecked with blood and foam brought to the

city of Worcester the news of the battle of Lexington, in which Theodore Parker's grandfather captured the first British gun. The horse fell dead on the main street of the city, and on another steed the rider passed westward with his news. Some of those who heard the intelligence were loyal, and some were disloyal. They all heard that there had been a victory of the American troops over the British! Was there any political virtue or vice in the belief by the Tory in Worcester that there had been a victory over the British? Was there any political virtue or vice in the belief by the patriot yonder that there had been a victory over the British? Neither the one nor the other. Where, then, did the political virtue or political vice come in? Why, when your Tory at Worcester heard of the victory, he believed the report; he believed it and was glad; and was so glad that he took up arms and put himself side by side with the stalwart shoulders of Parker's grandfather. (Applause.) In that attitude of the heart lay the political virtue or political vice. Just so, in the government of the universe, we all hear that God is our Saviour and Lord, and we all believe this, and so do all the devils, and tremble. Is there any virtue or vice in that belief alone? None whatever. But some of us believe this and are sorry. We turn aside, and, although we have assent, we have no consent to God; and we take up arms against the fact that he is our Saviour and Lord. Others of us believe this, and by divine grace we are glad; we have assent and consent both; we come into the mood of total, affectionate, irreversible self-surrender to God, not merely as a Saviour, but also as Lord. When we are in that mood of rejoicing loyalty to God, we have saving faith, and never till then. (Applause.) How can salvation be obtained by assent alone, that is, by opinion merely? What is salvation? It is permanent deliverance from both the love of sin and the guilt of sin. Accepting God gladly as Saviour, we are delivered from the guilt of sin, and, accepting him gladly as Lord, we are delivered from the love of sin. Only when we accept God as both Saviour and Lord are we loyal; only when we are affectionately glad to take him as both, are we or can we be at peace. When we believe the news that he is Saviour and Lord, and are glad, and so glad as to face the foe, we are in safety.

MASSACRE OF HOLY IMPULSE. (630)

Mark 3: 29; Luke 12: 10.

When Charles IX of France was importuned to kill Coligny, he for a long time refused to do so publicly or secretly; but at last he gave way, and consented in these memorable words: "Assassinate Admiral

Admiral Coligny, but leave not a Huguenot alive in France to reproach me." So came the massacre of Bartholomew. When the soul resolves to assassinate some holy motive; when the spirit determines to kill, in the inner realm, Admiral Coligny, it, too, delays for a while; and, when it gives way usually says, "Assassinate this accuser of mine, but leave not an accusing accomplice of his in all my kingdom alive to reproach me." So comes the massacre of the desire to be holy.

THE DIVIDING LINE. (631)

Acts 19: 2.

Prof. Tholuck, with the emphasis of tears in his deep, spiritual eyes, once said to me at Halle, in his garden on the banks of the Saale, that he regretted nothing so much in the arrangements of the German state churches as that the distinction between the converted and the unconverted, which Whitefield and Jonathan Edwards drew so deeply upon the mind of New England, is almost unknown, not to the theories, but to the church practices, of Germany. "We are all mixed pell-mell together," said he. "After confirmation, we are all one, in one sense, members of the church. I have always regarded the distinction you preserve in New England between a man who has made a solemn public confession of his purpose to lead a religious life, and the one who has not, as the most important portion of the unwritten constitution of your 'nation.'" Except Scotland, there is no land on the globe that makes as much of this distinction as New England does. So has the spirit of the unwritten law permeated society at large here and in Scotland, that disgusts of the world with the church are sure to stifle the usefulness of the latter, if this law is administered laxly.

CHILDREN OR PITCHERS. (633)

Standing where Whitefield stood, on the banks of the Charles, a somewhat unlettered but celebrated evangelist, years ago, face to face with the culture of Harvard, was accused of leading audiences into excitement. "I have heard," said he in reply, "of a traveller who saw at the side of the way a woman weeping, and beating her breast. He ran to her and asked, 'What can I do for you? What is the cause of your anguish? 'My child is in the well; my child is in the well!' With swiftest dispatch assistance was given and the child rescued. Further on this same traveller met another woman wailing also, and beating her breast. He came swiftly to her, and with great earnestness asked, 'What is your trouble? 'My pitcher is in the well; my pitcher is in the well!' Our great social and political excitements are all about pitchers in wells, and our religious excitements are about children in wells." (Applause.) A rude metaphor, you say, to be used face to face with Harvard; but a distinguished American professor, repeating that anecdote in Halle-on-the-Saale in Germany yonder, Julius Muller heard it and repeated it in his university; and it has been used among devout scholars all over Germany. Starting here on the

banks of the Charles, and listened to, I presume, very haughtily by Cambridge and Boston, it has taken root in deep portion of German literature as one of the classical illustrations of the value of the white heat.

MORALITY AND RELIGION. (634)

Rom. 5: 11; Rom. 15: 13.

When Ulysses sailed past the isle of the sirens, who had the power of charming by their songs all who listened to them, he heard the sorcerous music on the shore; and, to prevent himself and his crew from landing, he filled their ears with wax, and bound himself to the mast with knotted thongs. Thus, according to the subtle Grecian story, he passed safely the fatal strand. But when Orpheus, in search of the Golden Fleece, went by this island, he, being, as you remember, a great musician, set up better music than that of the sirens, enchanted his crew with a melody superior to the alluring song of the sea-nymphs; and so, without needing to fill the Argonauts' ears with wax, or to bind himself to the mast with knotted thongs, he passed the sorcerous shore, not only safely, but with disdain.

The ancients, it is clear from this legend, understood the distinction between morality and religion. He who, sailing past the island of temptation, has enlightened selfishness enough not to land, although he rather wants to; he who, therefore, binds himself to the mast with knotted thongs and fills the ears of his crew with wax; he who does this without hearing a better music, is the man of mere morality. Heaven forbid that I should underrate the value of this form of cold prudence; for wax is not useless in giddy ears, and Aristotle says youth is a perpetual intoxication. Face to face with sirens, thongs are good, though songs are better.

"Sin hath long ears. Good is wax,
Wise at times the knotted thongs;
But the shrewd no watch relax,
Yet they use like Orpheus songs.
They no more the sirens fear;
They a better music hear."

A MONUMENT OF THE CRUCIFIXION. (635)

Phil. 3: 18.

Men showed me at Rome, in the Kirchenrain Museum, a square foot of the plaster of a wall of a palace, not many years ago uncovered on the Palatine Hill. On the poor clay was traced a cross bearing a human figure with a brute's head. The figure was nailed to the cross; and before it a soldier was represented kneeling, and extending his hand, in the Greek posture of devotion. Underneath all was scratched in rude lettering in Greek, "Alexamenos adores his God." That representation of the central thought of Christianity was made in a jeering moment by some rude soldier in the days of Caracalla; but it blazes there now in Rome, the most majestic monument of its age in the world. The ancient enemies of the cross have testified to it so carefully that present-day enemies have a difficult work in making it of none effect.

Illustrations from Nature.

Selected from the nature books, written by Wm. J. Long, *Secrets of the Wood, Wilderness Ways, and Ways of Wood Folk*, published by Ginn & Co., Boston. Of the writers of today on nature Mr. Long is the closest observer.

MUZZLED CHRISTIANS. (636)

James 1: 15; Rom. 6: 23.

Speaking of the long slender, serrated bill of the sheldrake, Mr. Long says: "The same bill, by the way, is sometimes a source of danger. Once, on the coast, I saw a sheldrake trying in vain to fly against the wind, which flung him rudely among some tall reeds near me. The next moment Don, my old dog, had him. In a hungry moment he had driven his bill through both shells of a scallop, which slipped or worked its way up to his nostrils, muzzling the bird perfectly with a hard shell ring. The poor fellow by desperate trying could open his mouth barely wide enough to drink or to swallow the tiniest morsel. He must have been in this condition a long time, for the bill was half worn through, and he was so light that the wind blew him about like a great feather when he attempted to fly. When a Christian sticks his bill into air it muzzles him as well and he is buffeted about by the prince of the power of the air.

NINETY AND NINE. (637)

A little sheldrake became separated from the brood. Through the glass Mr. Long saw the mother flutter round and round them to be quite sure they were all there. Then she missed him. I could see it all in her movements. She must have clucked, I think, for the young suddenly disappeared, and she came swimming rapidly back over the way they had come, looking, looking everywhere. Round the canoe she went at a safe distance, searching among the grass and lily pads, calling him softly to come out. But he was very near the canoe, and very much frightened; the only effect of her calls was to make him crouch closer against the grass stems, while the bright little eyes, grown large with fear, were fastened on me.

Slowly I backed the canoe away till it was out of sight, around the point, though I could still see the mother bird through the bushes. She swam rapidly about where the canoe had been, calling more loudly; but the little fellow had lost confidence in her, and refused to show himself. At last she discovered him, and with quacks and flutters that looked to me a bit hysterical, pulled him out of his hiding place. How she fussed over him! How she hurried and helped and praised and scolded him all the way over; and fluttered on ahead, and clucked the brood out of their hiding places to meet him! Then, with all her young about her, she swept round the point into the quiet bay that was their training school.

And I, drifting slowly up the lake into the sunset over the glassy water, was thinking how human it all was. "Doth he not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness and go after that which is lost, until he find it?"

THE LAZY BEAVER. (638)

2 Tim. 3: 5.

There is one beaver that never builds, that never troubles himself about house, or dam, or winter's store. I am not sure whether we ought to call him the genius or the lazy man of the family. The bank beaver is a solitary old bachelor living in a den, like a mink, in the bank of a stream. He does not build a house, because a den under a cedar's roots is as safe and warm. He never builds a dam, because there are deep places in the river where the current is too swift to freeze. He finds tender twigs much juicier, even in winter, than stale bark stored under water. As for his tell-tale tracks in the snow, his wits must guard him against enemies; and there is the open stretch of river to flee to.

There are two theories among Indians and trappers to account for the bank beaver's eccentricities. The first is that he has failed to find a mate and leaves the colony, or is driven out, to lead a lonely bachelor life. His conduct during the mating season certainly favors this theory, for never was anybody more diligent in his search for a wife than he. Some persons come to church diligently, but they don't join and go to work, and bye and bye they drift off by themselves.

INSTINCT OF ETERNAL LIFE. (639)

Job 14: 14; Job 19: 25.

Even when the peculiarity of an animal or bird is slight—a wound, or deformity—they drive the poor victim from their midst remorselessly. It is a cruel instinct, but part of one of the oldest in creation, the instinct which preserves the species. This explains why the ban beaver never finds a mate; none of the beavers will have anything to do with him.

This occasional lack of instinct is not peculiar to the beavers. Now and then a bird is hatched here in the North that has no impulse to migrate. He cries after his departing comrades, but never follows. So he remains and is lost in the storms of winter. But a man is never born without the impulse to the eternal life. It has to be throttled in order that he may see his friends dying one by one, without thinking that he too must follow.

THE DRUNKEN WASP. (640)

A pet wasp found some medicine with alcohol in it and got drunk on it. Mr. Long says that the next day at noon he was stretched out on the sill, drunk again. For three days he kept up his tippling, coming out when the sun shone warmly, and going straight to the fatal tumbler. On the fourth day he paid the penalty of his intemperance.

The morning was very bright, and the janitor had left the hornet's window slightly open. At noon he was lying on the window sill, drunk as usual. I was in a hurry to take a train, and neglected to close the win-

dow. Late at night, when I came back to my room, he was gone. He was not on the sill, nor on the floor, nor under the window cushions. His nest in the casing, where I had so often watched him sleep, was empty. Taking a candle, I went out to search under the window. There I found him in the snow, his legs curled up close to his body, frozen stiff with the drip of the eaves.

DEAD-FALL OF SIN. (641)

1 Tim. 6: 11.

Finding a dead-fall in the wilderness, he waited for Simmo, his guide, to come round the bend, and took him back to see the work, denouncing the heartless carelessness of the trapper who had gone away in the spring and left an unsprung dead-fall as a menace to the wild things. At the first glance he pronounced it an otter trap. Then the fear and wonder swept into his face, and the questions into mine.

"Das Noel Waby's trap. Nobody else make-um tukpeel stick like dat," he said at last.

Then I understood. Noel Waby had gone up river trapping in the spring and had never come back, nor any word to tell how death met him.

I stooped down to examine the trap with greater interest. On the under side of the fall-log I found some long hairs still clinging in the crevices of the rough bark. They belonged to the outer water-proof coat with which Keeonekh keeps his fur dry. One otter at least had been caught here and the trap reset. But some sense of danger, some scent of blood or subtle warning clung to the spot, and no other creature had crossed the bed log, though hundreds must have passed that way since the old Indian reset his trap and strode away with the dead otter across his shoulders. But have our young people the sense of animals?

ANIMAL SENSE. (642)

Now Keeonekh fishes under the ice in winter more than is generally supposed. As he must breathe after every chase he must needs know all the air-holes and dens in the whole lake. No matter how much he turns and doubles in the chase after a trout, he never loses his sense of direction, never forgets where the breathing places are. When his fish is seized he makes a bee line under the ice for the nearest place where he can breathe and eat. Sometimes this lands him, out of breath, in the beaver's tunnel; and the beaver must sit upstairs in his own house, nursing his wrath, while Keeonekh eats fish in his hallway; for there is not room for both at once in the tunnel, and a fight there or under the ice is out of the question. As the beaver eats only bark, he cannot understand and cannot tolerate this barbarian, who eats raw fish and leaves the bones and fins and the smell of slime in his doorway. Men in the chase for riches lose their sense of direction—that is from the world that now is to the world to come. They forget, but the other doesn't.

FLY FIRST.

John 10: 5.

(643)

Down the shore a little way was a higher point, with a fallen tree that commanded a view of half the lake. I had stood there a few days before, while watching to determine the air paths and lines of flight that sheldrakes use in passing up and down the lake—for birds have runways, or rather flyways, just as foxes do. Mooween evidently knew the spot; the alders showed that he was heading straight for it, to look out on the lake and see what the alarm was about. As yet he had no idea what peril had threatened him; though, like all wild creatures, he had obeyed the first clang of a danger note on the instant. Not a creature in the woods, from Mooween down to Tookhees, the wood mouse, but has learned from experience that, in matters of this kind, it is well to jump cover first and investigate afterwards. And if the children would only learn, when they hear the first foul word, or see the first evil deed, to jump for cover!

RED-SQUIRREL EXPERIENCE. (644)

Speaking of the red-squirrel hiding nuts: This method was used only when he had a large supply to dispose of hurriedly, and not always then. Meeeko is a careless fellow and soon forgets. When I gave him only a few to dispose of, he hid them helter-skelter among the leaves, forgetting some of them afterwards and enjoying the rare delight of stumbling upon them when he was hungriest—much like a child whom I saw once giving himself a sensation. He would throw his penny on the ground, go round the house, and saunter back with his hands in his pockets till he saw the penny, which he pounced upon with almost the joy of treasure-trove in the highway. Isn't this true of the testimony we give of our experiences? Finding the same old experience—no growth.

RAILING AT THE CHURCH. (645)

Late that afternoon I crossed Johnnie's trail and, having nothing more interesting to do, followed it. It led straight to the bull-brier thicket where the old beech partridge roosted. I had searched for it many times in vain before the fox led me to it; but Johnnie, in some of his prowlings, had found tracks and a feather or two under a cedar branch, and knew just what it meant. His trap was there, in the very spot where, the night before, the old beech partridge had stood when he jumped for the lowest limb. Corn was scattered liberally about, and bluejay that had followed Johnnie was already fast in the trap.

When I took the jay carefully from the trap he played possum, lying limp in my hand till my grip relaxed, when he flew to a branch over my head, squalling and upbraiding me for having anything to do with such abominable inventions. The church and charitable enterprises supported by it, pick up the drunkard when kicked out of saloons, sends food to his starving family, but this jay is always squalling at the church, and its efforts to curtail his liberty.

Illustrations in Fiction

From Eben Holden, published by the Lothrop Co., Boston.

By Rev. George T. Lemmon, Author of "The Eternal Building," "Better Things for Sons of God," etc.

(*Eben Holden*) is a Knight of the Order of Greathearts who will be long-loved by readers of all classes. Lovers of nature might well wish that Uncle Eb and the lad whose home was in the deep back-basket of the guide had stayed longer in the woods, for there is a charm and freshness in the stories, for the old man there told the urchin.

KINDNESS—AN AUDUBON OF THE ADIRONDACKS. (648)

We stopped under a tree for our dinner, and one incident of that meal I think of always when I think of Uncle Eb. It shows the manner of man he was and with what understanding and sympathy he regarded every living thing. In rinsing his tea-pot he accidentally poured water on a big bumble bee. The poor creature struggled to lift himself, and then another downpour caught him and still another until his wings fell drenched. Then his breast began heaving violently, his legs stiffened behind him and he sank, downward in the grass. Uncle Eb saw the death throes of the bee and knelt and lifted the dead body by one of its wings. "Jes' look at his velvet coat, an' his wings all wet 'n stiff. They'll never carry him another journey. It's too bad a man has t' kill every step he takes." The bee's tail was moving faintly and Uncle Eb laid him out in the warm sunlight and fanned him awhile with his hat, trying to bring back the breath of life. "Guilty!" he said, presently, coming back with a sober face. "Thet's a dead bee. No tellin' how many was dependent on him er what plans he had. Must a gi'n him a lot o' pleasure t' fly round in the sunlight, workin' every fair day. 'S all over now." He had a gloomy face for an hour after that and many a time, in the days that followed, I heard him speak of the murdered bee.

HAPPINESS—LIKE CORN IN THE EAR, IS TO BE SHELLED

BY US. (651)

"Holden," said David Brower, "every day's a kind uv a circus day with you. Alwuss hevin' a good time. Ye can hev more fun with yerself 'n any man I ever see."

"If I hev as much hereafter es I've hed here I ain't goin' t' fin' no fault. 'S a reel, splendid world. God's fixed it up so ev'ry body can hev a good time if they'll only hev it. Once I heard uv a poor man 'at hed a bushel o' corn give tew him. He looked up kind o' sad an' ast if they wouldn't please shell it. Then they tuk it away. God's gin us happiness in the ear, but He ain't a goin' t' shell it for us. You'n 'Lizabeth oughter be very happy. Look a' them tew children!"

HEAVEN—UNCLE EB'S IDEA OF IT. (652)

"Fer one thing," he said deliberately, "no-body 'll die there, 'less he'd ought to; don't

believe there's goin' t' be any need o' swarin' er quarrelin'. To my way o' thinkin' it 'll be a good deal like Dave Brower's farm—nice, smooth land and no stun on it, an' hills an' valleys an' white clover a plenty, an' wheat an' corn higher'n a man's head. No bull thistles, no hard winters, no narrer contracted fools; no long faces, an' plenty o' work. Folks sayin' 'How d'y do' 'stid o' 'good-by,' all the while—comin' 'stid o' goin'. There's goin' t' be some kind o' fun there. I ain't no idea what 'tis. Folks like it an' I kind o' believe 'at when God's gin a thing t' everybody he thinks purty middlin' well uv it."

CHRISTIAN LIFE—ITS USE OF NEW INVENTIONS. (655)

Uncle Eben lived in the fifties, so the question was not, Is it right for a saint to ride a bicycle? but is it right to ride in the cars? A man whose pastor had declared that if God wanted men to fly he would have given them wings, came at Eben with his doubts. He was answered: "S'pose if he'd wanted 'm t' skate he'd hed 'em born with skates on? My friend, I don' care what I ride in so long as 'tain't a hearse. I want sumthin' 'at's comfortable an' purty middlin' spry. It'll do us good to git jerked a few hundred miles an' back ev'ry leetle while. Keep our j'nts limber. We'll live longer fer it, an' thet'l please God sure—cuz I don't think he's hankerin' fer our society—not a bit. Don't make no difference to him whether we ride 'n a spring wagon er on the cars so long's we're right side up 'n movin'. We need more steam; we're too dum slow. Kind o' think a leetle more steam in our religion wouldn't hurt us a bit. It's purty fur behind."

DEATH GIVES BACK THE LOST. (656)

"Anyhow, it seems a hard thing to die," Bill remarked.

"Seems so," Uncle Eb said thoughtfully. "Jes' like ever'thing else—them 'at knows much about it don't have a great deal t' say. Looks to me like this: I cal'ate a man hes on the everidge ten things his heart is sot on—what's the word I want—?"

"Treasures?" I suggested.

"Thet's it. Ev'ry one hes about ten treasures. Some hev more—some less. Say one's his strength, one's his plan, the rest is them he loves, an' the more he loves the better 'tis fer him. Wall, they begin t' go one by one. Some die, some turn agin' him. Fin's it hard t' keep his allowance. When he's only nine he's lost eggzac'ly one-tenth uv his dread o' dyin'. Bime bye he counts up—one—two—three—four—five—an' thet's all ther is left. He figgers it up careful. His strength is gone, his plan's a failure, mebbe, an' this one's dead an' thet one's dead, an' t'other one better be. Then's 'bout half ways with him. If he lives 'till the ten treasures is all gone, God gives him one more—their death. An' he can swop thet off and git back all he's lost. Then he begins t' think it's a purty dum good thing, after all."

Selected Illustrations from the Preacher's Scrap Book.

CHRIST, LIFE—DEVIL, DEATH. (657)

John 5: 40; Rom. 6: 23.

The Empress Helena having a leaning to Judaism once sent for two Rabbis that they might meet S. Sylvester in debate, and two Greek philosophers were appointed as arbitrators.

At length, when the Rabbis were defeated in argument, one of them, a magician, challenged Sylvester to a trial of the Divine power.

"Dost thou know," said he, the legend relates, "the name of the Ineffable, that Name which no creature can hear and live. I know it. Let them bring me a wild bull, the fiercest to be found, and when I have uttered that name in his ear he will fall dead."

They then brought him a wild bull, which it took more than 100 men to restrain, and when Zambri had whispered in its ear, it fell dead.

The Jews were then triumphant; the philosophers and Constantine were perplexed.

Only Sylvester was unmoved and said, "The name which Zambri has pronounced must be the name of the Devil and not of God, for Christ our Redeemer came not to kill but to make alive. Men and wild beasts, lions, tigers and serpents can kill. If Zambri's power is from God, let him restore to life the creature which he has slain."

This he could not do, but Sylvester made the sign of the Cross over the bull and commanded it to rise and go in peace. Whereupon it arose gentle and tame.

FLESH AND SPIRIT. (658)

Rom. 7: 8.

The daily struggle between the flesh and the spirit, the hourly conflict between the grace of God within us and our natural inclinations, is well illustrated by the reply of an aged man to his friend, who inquired, "What causes you so often to complain of pain and weariness in the evening?" "Alas!" said he, "I have every day so much to do. I have two falcons to tame, two hares to keep from running away, two hawks to manage, a serpent to confine, a lion to chain, and a sick man to tend and wait upon." "Impossible!" said the friend, "no man can have all these to do." "Yes," he replied, "it is only too true; it is exactly as I have said. The two falcons are my two eyes, which I must diligently guard; the two hares are my feet, which I must hold back lest they should run after evil and walk in the ways of sin; the two hawks are my two hands, which I must train and keep to work in order that I may be able to provide for myself, those who depend on me, and my brethren in need; the serpent is my tongue, which I must always keep in with a bridle, lest it should speak anything unseemly; the lion is my heart, with which I have to maintain a continual fight in order that vanity and pride may not fill it, but that the Grace of God may dwell and work therein; the

sick man is my whole body, which is ever needing my watchfulness. All this is a daily fight, a constant struggle and requires much strength and watchfulness."

CONVERTED BY HIS OWN PREACHING. (659)

Psalm 76: 10.

When the Rev. G. Whitfield and J. Wesley commenced their zealous and successful labors there was a very prevalent disposition to oppose and misrepresent them. Many of the public houses became places where their doctrines and zeal were talked of and ridiculed. Mr. Thorpe and several other young men in Yorkshire, undertook at one of these parties to mimic the preaching of these good men. The proposition met with applause; one after another stood on a table to perform his part, and it developed on Mr. T. to close this very irreverent scene. Much elated, and confident of success, he exclaimed, as he ascended the table, "I shall beat you all." Who would have supposed that the mercy of God was now about to be extended to this transgressor of the law! The Bible was handed to him, and, by the guidance of unerring Providence, it opened at Luke 13: 3. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." The moment he read the text his mind was impressed in a most extraordinary manner; he saw clearly the nature and importance of the subject; and, as he afterwards said, if he ever preached with the assistance of the Holy Spirit, it was at that time. His address produced a feeling of impression in his auditors, and, when he had finished, he instantly retired to weep over his sins; he associated with the people of God, and became a useful minister of the New Testament, and died at Masborough, in 1776.

BROTHERLY LOVE. (661)

Matt. 22: 39.

An Arabian legend tells us that Jerusalem is situated on land formerly possessed in common by two brothers, and which served afterwards as a situation for the Temple. The one of these brothers was married, and had a large family; but the other was unmarried. Both cultivated together the land which their mother had bequeathed to them. When harvest time came round both brothers tied their sheaves, placed them in two rows, and left them to dry on the open ground. Now, during the night the unmarried brother had a special inspiration. He said to himself, "My brother has a wife and family to feed; it is not right that my share should be equal to his. I will place some of my sheaves with his; he will not perceive what I have done, and, therefore, cannot refuse my gift."

But the same night the other brother awoke and observed to his wife, "My brother is young and unmarried; there is no one to help him in his work, and console

him in his solitude. It is not right that we should get as much crop on this land as he. This is what we will do: We will secretly take some of our sheaves and place them with his, so that he shall not notice the change, and, therefore, will not refuse the gift." He acted as he proposed. The next day when the two brothers entered the field, they were not a little surprised to find the heaps equal on each side. Neither of the two could explain to himself this extraordinary circumstance, till one night they ended in meeting one another carrying the sheaves across. This place where such genuine brotherly love had been shown pleased God, and it is why men afterwards hallowed it by raising on it a Temple to God.

A SECOND NAAMAN. (662)
Rom. 2:10.

Livingstone, the great traveller, was in the habit of carrying about with him a few simple medicines, and occasionally administered them to the natives of Central Africa. He thus describes an interview with the chief of a tribe who had hardly any idea of religion, or any conception of God: "On one occasion, the chief having sat by me in the hut for some time in deep thought, at length addressed me by a pompous title, and said: 'I wish you would change my heart. Give me the medicine to change it, for it is proud—proud and angry, angry always.' I lifted up the Testament, and was about to tell him of the only ways in which the heart can be changed, but he interrupted me by saying: 'Nay, I wish to have it changed by medicine to drink, and have it changed at once, for it is always very proud and very uneasy, and continually angry with some one.' He then rose and went away, disappointed that I could not accede to his request."

LIFE A PILGRIMAGE. (663)
1 Pet. 1:17.

A dervish was once travelling in Tartary, and arriving at the town of Balkh mistook the king's palace for an inn, and, entering one of the galleries, spread his carpet and took up his quarters.

Presently some of the guards found him, and were roughly dismissing him, when the king himself passed by, and was amused at the cause of the confusion. The dervish, however, remained unconcerned, and sought leave from the king to ask some questions.

"Who were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first built?" said the intruder.

"My ancestors," replied the king.

"And who lived here before you?" pursued his interrogator.

"My father."

"And who lives here now?"

"I myself."

"And who will be here after you?"

"My son."

"Ha," exclaimed the wise man, "I am right after all; a house which changes its tenants so often, and accommodates such a succession of guests, is not a palace but an inn."

AN OCCASION TO SIN. (664)

Eph. 2:3.

One beautiful evening at Padua there were two brothers sitting on a balcony and considering the numberless stars that spanned the heavenly vault. One of them remarked, "I wish I had as much cattle as there are stars." The other said laughingly, "I wish I had as large a meadow as the sky." "But where would you pasture your cattle?" "Why, in your meadow." "That would be if I should give you leave." "You could consent or refuse as you liked, I should do it in spite of you." In short, the dispute grew worse, and they became so enraged that having taken their swords they rushed on one another, and both were killed.

FOOLISH SINNER. (665)
Luke 12:31.

A prince once gave his jester a stick and said to him: "If you ever find any one who is a greater fool than yourself, give him the stick." Some years later the prince was ill, and was visited by his jester. As the sick man told him that he would soon leave him, the jester said: "Where are you going?" "To the other world." "Will you return in a month's time?" "No." "Will you return in a year's time?" "Not even then." "But when then will it be?" "Never." "What provision have you made for so long a journey, and for living in the country where you are going?" "None at all." "What, none at all? In that case take my stick, you are just leaving for ever, and you have not even devised any means whereby you may live happily in the other world whence you will never return! Take my stick, for I, at any rate, have never been guilty of such folly as that!"

SLANDER. (666)

Ps. 39:1; Isa. 50:4.

"Oh, mother!" cried little Blanche, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could be so very naughty. Oh—"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpott, "before you continue, we will see if your story will pass the three sieves."

"What does that mean, mother?" inquired Blanche.

"I will explain it. In the first place, Is it true?"

"I suppose so. Miss White told it to me, and she is a great friend of Edith."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you could prove it to be true, is it kind?"

"I did not mean to be unkind, mother; but I am afraid it is not kind; I should not like Edith to be ready to tell such a tale about me."

"And is it necessary?"

"No, of course, mother; there is no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then put a bridle on your tongue, dear Blanche, and don't speak of it. If we cannot speak well of our friends, let us not speak of them at all."

Quotable Poetry.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour
We have known,
When the tears fell with the shower,
All alone—
Were not shine and shower blent
'As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With his own.

For we know, not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And thru all the coming years
Just be glad.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

"Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie
Unmindful on its flowing strand,
Of God's occasions drifting by.

Better with naked nerve to bear
The needles of this goading air,
Than in the lap of sensual ease forego
The Godlike power to do, the Godlike aim
to know." —Whittier.

"And if in thy life on earth, (690)
In the chamber or by the hearth,
'Mid the crowded city's tide,
Or high on the lone hillside,
Thou canst cause a thought of peace,
Or an aching thought to cease,
Or a gleam of joy to burst
On a soul in sadness nurst;
Spare not thy hand, my child:
Though the gladdened should never know
The well-spring amid the wild,
Whence the waters of blessing flow."

—George Macdonald.

O Master, let me walk with thee (691)
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me thy patience; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

—Washington Gladden.

(692)
Love wore a threadbare dress of gray,
And toiled upon the road all day.
Love wielded pick and carried pack
And bent to heavy loads the back.
Though meager fed and sorely tasked,
One only wage Love ever asked—
A child's white face to kiss at night,
A woman's smile by candle light.
—Margaret E. Sangster in *Lippincott's*.

(693)
Consider well, weigh strictly right and
wrong,
Resolve not quick, but once resolved be
strong;
Rather stand up, assured with conscious
pride,
Alone, than err with millions on thy side.
—Churchill.

(694)
"He was better to me than all my hopes,
He was better than all my fears;
He made a bridge of my broken works,
And a rainbow of my tears.
The billows that guarded my sea-girt path,
But carried my Lord on their crest;
When I dwell on the days of my wilderness
march,
I can lean on His love for the rest.

"There is light for me on the trackless wild,
As the wonders of old I trace,
When the God of the whole earth went be-
fore

To search me a resting place.
Never a watch on the dreariest halt
But some promise of love endears;
I read from the past that my future shall be
Far better than all my fears."

Under an eastern sky, (695)
Amid a rabble cry,
A man went forth to die
For me!

Thorn-crowned his blessed head,
Blood-stained his weary tread,
Cross-laden he was led
For me!

Pierced were his hands and feet,
Three hours o'er him beat
Fierce rays of noon tide heat
For me!

Thus wert thou made all mine;
Lord, make me wholly thine,
Grant grace and strength divine
To me!

In thought and word and deed
Thy will to do, O lead
My soul, e'en though it bleed,
To thee!" —Selected.

"Grief is a tattered tent
Where through God's light doth shine:
Who glances up at every rent
Shall catch a ray divine." —Lucy Larcom.

Unusual.

The Gentleman from Chicago: "Stranger, can you tell me where there is a good place to stop at?"

The Citizen of Boston: "Just before the 'at.' Good-day, sir."

"You'd like an expurgated Bible, would you? How about that passage in the Book of Revelation pronouncing a curse upon the man who 'shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy?'"

"Well, of course, I should cut all that out."—Chicago Tribune.

A minister had a visit from a lady, who said: "I hear you are introducing some dreadful innovations into your church." "Indeed," he replied, "what are they?" "Oh," she said, "I hear you read the Commandments at the Communion." "Is that all you heard of?" was the reply. "We have introduced a far greater innovation than that." "What is it?" said the lady. "We try to keep them," replied the minister.

"Brudren," said a darkey in a prayer-meeting, "I feel 's if I could talk no' good in five minutes dan I could do in a year."

Two little girls in New Hampshire, who had been brought up to believe in prayer and to practice it, on their way to school one morning suddenly found that they were behind time. In their distress one of them said, "Let's kneel down and ask God to help us to get there in time." "No," said the other, "let's run as fast as we can and pray as we run."

A worthy old gentleman who lived in the mountains had one weakness—a habit of absenting himself from church on a very slight pretext.

One Sunday, which was a little cloudy, but by no means inclement, he was not found in his place. The next morning, at an early hour, as the pastor was standing on his doorstep, who should come along but this old man, perched on a load of wood, his hat and overcoat, his hair and beard, all white with the thickly falling and fiercely blowing snow! Seeing the pastor, he halted to pay his respects and exchange a friendly word.

"Good morning," said the old man. "All well?"

"All well, thank you."

"Sorry I could not be at church yesterday."

"Yes; I missed you."

"Well, the fact is, it was such a bad day, and the weather threatened so much, that I thought it was too bad to venture out, and the—"

"Yes, it is fine, pleasant weather today," said the pastor. "If we should have as fine a day as this next Sunday, I shall look for you at church."

The old man blushed and manifested a desire to break off the conversation—during

all of which it seemed as if he were inwardly saying, "Caught this time."—Ram's Horn.

Bishop Warren of the Methodist Episcopal Church does not believe in gentle preaching to rich sinners. He says there are some pastors who go at it in this style: "Brethren, you must repent, as it were, and be converted, in a measure, or you will be damned to some extent."

MUSCULAR FAITH.

Mrs. Hix—"I don't take any stock in these faith cures brought about by the laying on of hands."

Mrs. Dix—"Well, I do. I cured my little boy of the cigarette habit in that way."

An English theologian and Wesleyan was in the habit of carrying with him a strong bottle of peppercorn, the very strongest he could find. He would not trust to that furnished by the hotels. One day a guest said to him: "Please pass those peppers over this way." "Why, I beg your pardon, but that is my private property." "Well, give a fellow a taste of it anyway." He tasted it and then said after a moment, "You are a preacher, are you not?" "Yes." "An orthodox preacher?" "I am so taken and accepted." "You believe in hell-fire?" "Well, I feel it incumbent upon myself to warn the impudent of their danger." "You believe in a literal hell-fire?" "I so interpret the Scriptures." "Well," said the guest, "I have met your kind before, but I never before met a man who carried his samples with him."—J. P. Brushingham.

One of our bishops, when pastor at Stamford, Conn., asked a little boy afflicted with an impediment of speech how he would like to be a preacher. The little fellow replied: "I-I w-w-would l-l-like the p-p-pounding and the h-h-hollering, b-b-but the s-s-speaking w-w-would b-b-b-bother me."

A Remarkable Sunday School Hymn Book.

The Sunday school of Grace M. E. Church of Wilmington, Del., recently appointed a committee of five competent persons to examine singing books and make a selection. They agreed among themselves to examine books separately, without consulting with each other. At an appointed time they met together, and strange to say each member of the committee had decided on the same book, entitled "Uplifted Voices," edited by Adam Geibel and R. Frank Lehman. It is needless to say that this book was adopted by the school and 400 copies were purchased. In fact, many unusual testimonials have been given concerning "Uplifted Voices."

Free specimen pages of this wonderful book can be obtained by addressing the publishers, Geibel & Lehman, 1022 Arch street, Philadelphia; or for 30 cents they will send a copy for examination (money to be refunded if book is returned within one week). Price, \$25.00 per hundred.

Stories of the Hymns

SUITABLE FOR PRAISE OR SONG SERVICE, OR ANNOUNCING HYMNS

NOTE.—During the past year we have presented material for several song services, and we invariably have requests for more. In our conference of readers as to the program for the coming year the requests for a regular department on this subject were unanimous.

Therefore we will give in each issue interesting information about ten or twelve hymns.

You can add to the interest of the service by asking members of the congregation the previous Sunday to put on the collection plate titles of favorite hymns. This will necessitate your owning some work on hymnology. We get most of our information from "Annotations upon Popular Hymns." See page 598.

We shall follow as nearly as possibly the list of the best one hundred hymns, published by the Tract Society as the result of the vote of some 3,000 persons.

The first six of the 100 are: 1. "Rock of Ages" 2. "Abide With Me." 3. "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." 4. "Just as I Am." 5. "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds." 6. "My God and Father, While I Stray." In the contest "Rock of Ages" received 3,215 votes.

ROCK OF AGES.

Rock of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me, from its guilt and power.

This is the first stanza of the original hymn, very nearly as Rev. Augustus Toplady wrote it.

A few changes were absolutely necessary. We could manage to say, "When I soar through tracts unknown," but it would be impossible to sing, "When my eye-strings break in death" without a demur. But this form of the poem is much stronger than the other. The doctrinal belief of the author is disclosed in the paragraph which stands just before his song: "We can only admire and bless the father for electing us in Christ and for laying on him the iniquities of us all—the Son, for taking our nature and our debts upon himself, and for that complete righteousness and sacrifice, whereby he redeemed his mystical Israel from all their sins—and the co-equal Spirit, for causing us (in conversion) to feel our need of Christ, for inspiring us with faith to embrace him, for visiting us with his sweet consolations, by shedding abroad his love in our hearts, for sealing us to the day of Christ, and for making us to walk in the path of his commandments."

In this faith the author of our best hymn died; he was a strong Calvinist, as the hymn shows. His biographer says that during his final illness the poet seemed to lie in the vestibule of glory. To a friend's inquiry he answered with a sparkling eye: "Oh, my dear, sir, I cannot tell the comforts I feel in my soul—they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant that he leaves me nothing to pray for. My prayers are all converted into praise. I enjoy a heaven already within my soul."

And within an hour of dying he called his friends and asked if they could give him up;

and when they replied in the affirmative, tears of joy ran down his cheeks as he added, "Oh, what a blessing that you are made willing to give me over into the hands of my dear Redeemer and part with me; for no mortal can live after having seen the glories which God has manifested to my soul!"

From *Hymns that Have Helped*, we learn that the author, vicar of a Devonshire parish, little dreamed that he was composing the most popular hymn in the language when he wrote what he called "A living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world." For Toplady was a sad polemist, whose orthodox soul was outraged by the Armenianism of the Wesleys. He and they indulged in much disputation, as was the fashion in those days. Toplady put much of his time and energy into the composition of controversial pamphlets, on which the good man prided himself not a little. The dust lies thick upon these his works, nor is it likely to be disturbed now or in the future. But in a pause in the fray, just by way of filling up an interval in the firing of polemical broadsides, Augustus Montague Toplady thought he saw a way of launching an airy dart at a joint in Wesley's armor, on the subject of sanctification. It was this hymn which the Prince Consort asked for as he came near to death. Mr. Gladstone has translated it into Latin, Greek, and Italian. Dr. Pusey declared it to be "the most deservedly popular hymn, perhaps the very favorite." The followers of Wesley, against whom the hymn was originally launched as a light missile in the polemical combat, seized it for their collection. The unfortunate Armenians who were butchered several years since in Constantinople sang a translation of "Rock of Ages" which, indeed, has made the tour of the world side by side with the Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress. It is recorded that General Stuart, the dashing cavalry leader of the Southern Confederacy, sang the hymn with his dying strength, as his life slowly ebbed away from the wounds he had received in the battles before Richmond. When the London went down in the Bay of Biscay, Jan. 11, 1866, the last thing which the last man who left the ship heard as the boat pushed off the doomed vessel was the voices of the passengers singing "Rock of Ages." No other English hymn can be named which has laid so broad and firm a grasp on the English-speaking world.

TOPLADY'S CONVERSION.

At the age of sixteen, Toplady chanced to go into a barn at an obscure place, called Codymain, Ireland, to hear an illiterate layman preach. The sermon made upon him an unexpected impression and led to his immediate conversion. He thus speaks of this interesting experience in his diary: "That sweet text, 'Ye who sometime were afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ,' was particularly delightful and refreshing to my soul. It was from that passage that Mr. Morris preached on the

memorable evening of my effectual call by the grace of God, under the ministry of that dear messenger, under that sermon, I was, I trust, brought nigh by the blood of Christ, in August, 1756.

"Strange that I, who had so long been under the means of grace in England, should be brought nigh to God in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of God's people met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could scarcely spell his name. The excellency of such power must be of God and cannot be of men."

His fame as a hymn-writer does not depend alone on Rock of Ages. One on last illness commences:

When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.

Another hymn on assurance: "A Debtor to Mercy Alone," and the following is often used, but is not generally known as Toplady's:

WE WALK BY FAITH.

If, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm—
Which drives us nearer home.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.

Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

The fishermen's wives, on the shores of the Adriatic, are wont to go down on the beach, especially when the chime of vespers strikes and the night promises to be tumultuous or unusually dark, and there lift up their voices, as only Italian women know how, singing some sweet little barcarolle, with a long lingering note for a refrain at the end of each verse. When this last beautiful swell of harmony has got well started out over the waves, they suddenly pause, and alertly listen for a response. If it be possible to communicate, their husbands and brothers, far out of sight, send back the song. And in it comes—beating across the crested surface of the sea, softened by the distance and mellowed by the night. Then they know all is safe, and retire contented to their work, in hope of a sure meeting of their home-friends before long. Now we cannot say that those who have left us here, and have sailed out on that mysterious main all around this living world, do even attempt to echo our music back again. But we are sure that they hear what we sing, in faith and love, in praise of their Redeemer

and ours. At any rate, it is a fine thing to think of them when the years strike their evening chime.

ABIDE WITH ME.

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

This hymn, now grown to be dear all the world over, was given to the Christian public in the year 1847. It was written by the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, a clergyman of the Church of England, then traveling for his health, and in the final stages of his disease. His home was in Lower Brixham, Devonshire, England, in the midst of a community of sailors and fishermen, who were generally kind and attentive to him, but had little or no cultivation of life. Indeed, from reading his biography, one would be led to say that he does not seem to have ever been happily settled in his ministry. He was born of gentle blood at Kelso, in Scotland; but his fortune was scanty and he had a severe struggle to obtain his education. Giving up his early purpose to study medicine, he took orders as a preacher; and though during his academic studies his scholarship was quite promising, he immediately fell into what he himself called "a dreary Irish curacy." His life was filled with disappointments and afflictions. His ambitions were crossed, his affections were betrayed, his health failed. He died in his fifty-fourth year, and was buried away from home in the cemetery at Nice, on his way to Rome, where he had hoped to find more helpful rest and more soothing air than that of his seashore parish in England. The incidents connected with the composition of this, his last poetic utterance, are singularly pathetic. Before leaving for the south he girded himself up for the administration of one more communion service, although in strength, as he wrote, he was "scarcely able to crawl." The final words of his address at the table have been preserved: "Oh, brethren," said he, "I can speak feelingly and experimentally on this point; and I stand before you seasonably today, as alive from the dead, if I may hope to impress it upon you, and induce you to prepare for that solemn hour which must come to all, by a timely appreciation of, and a dependence on, the death of Christ." Then he gave his farewell to the members of his flock and retired to his chamber.

As the evening of the Sabbath day gathered its shadows, he came forth wearily, and laid in the hand of one of his relatives this hymn of eight stanzas, together with some music set to it, which he had himself prepared. The tune has perished, but the hymn is immortal.

He was also the author of:

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!

Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

Nearly half a century ago Prof. Wilson, in his *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, exclaimed: "Have you seen a little volume entitled *Tales in Verse*, by the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, which seems to have reached a second edition? Now that is the right kind of religious poetry." It is evident that the critic had a foresight of the merit which the Church would recognize before long. This obscure country rector was to become famous among the singing children of God. The fine poem arrested so much attention at once that for many years it was credited in all the American collections to Sir Robert Grant; for nobody knew even the name of this modest curate, who was dividing his time with working out unwelcome parochial tasks and teaching African freedmen, just liberated from slavery, so that they might go as catechists and schoolmasters to Sierra Leone. In 1824 this familiar piece of poetry appeared in *Sacred Poetry*, Edinburgh, its general form being the same as now, with six double stanzas. But it must have been composed several years earlier than this. It has a living connection with the most interesting fact that up to 1818 he was not a truly converted man. He was preaching a gospel which experimentally he did not understand. This he did not suspect till, on a certain occasion, he was sent for by a brother clergyman, who was dying and needed counsel. Then he found he knew no more than this unfortunate neighbor about the way of salvation by a crucified Redeemer. They were both frightened and subdued. Together they commenced an eager and anxious study of the Scriptures, and in turn each was soon changed by the Spirit of divine grace in the whole temper of his mind and life. From this moment the author of the hymn began a career of thorough devotion. It is evident that these verses were inspired by the one great text of the New Testament: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL. CHARLES WESLEY.

Of all the poems written by Rev. Charles Wesley it is likely now that this one would be declared his noblest and best. It appears uniformly in the collections of the various churches, whatever their name or creed. It was composed in 1740, and published that same year in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. One verse is usually omitted in singing, to save space. The title which the author gave to it is "In Temptation." Several accounts are given of its origin. Some say that a meeting of the Wesley brothers was broken up by a mob. They took refuge in a spring-house. There the poem was written with a piece of lead hammered into a sort of pencil. So it is declared that it was

an effusion of gratitude because of their providential escape. Others say that the poet was at one time sitting at an open casement when a little bird, pursued by a hawk, flew in and took refuge in the bosom of his garment. Caught by a suggestion so spiritual, the author gave the incident this memorial in sacred song. Biographers state that neither of these stories can find proof. The imaginary found in the omitted verse would appear to show an allusion in its sentiment or language to the attempt of Simon Peter to walk on the Sea of Galilee. But most people would find enough in some well-known experiences of Wesley on the Atlantic for his suggestion.

Whatever may be said of Wesley's doctrine of perfect holiness, there is not much doubt that he attained "unto perfection" when he wrote this hymn. It has happily married, also, to two exquisite tunes, "Refuge" and "Martyn," both of which are worthy of the alliance. The first of these tunes is a gem. The one central, all-pervading idea of this matchless hymn is the soul's yearning for its Saviour.

President Finney was walking about his grounds on the night just before his death. In the church where he had been preaching for almost forty years the evening service had begun, and he heard this hymn out in the air as it floated to him from the distance. He caught up so familiar a strain easily, and sang the verses with the choir clean on to its end. Before the next morning he was in heaven singing with the saints.

The venerable Dr. George Duffield (author of "Stand Up, Stand Up For Jesus") once wrote to his son: "One of the most blessed days of my life was when I found, after my harp had long hung on the willows, that I could sing again; that a new song was put in my mouth; and when, ere ever I was aware, I was singing, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.' If there is anything in Christian experience, of joy and sorrow, of affliction and prosperity, of life and death—that hymn is the hymn of the ages!"

YE SERVANTS OF GOD, YOUR MASTER PROCLAIM.

This hymn is also from the pen of Rev. Charles Wesley; it originally received six stanzas, and is entitled "To be sung in a tumult." History tells us that in the year 1744 arose a spirit of fierce persecution against the new people in England called "Methodists." At that time the political aspects of the nation were confused; the country was at war with France; the house of Stuart was still seeking full restoration; an invasion was daily expected for the purpose of bringing back the exiled representative of that proscribed line, and so dethroning King George II. And, strangely enough, the followers of these evangelical leaders were accused of being papists in disguise, actually working for the cause of the Pretender! Their meetings were broken up in riots, and many of their preachers were impressed into the army. Even John and

Charles Wesley were brought before the magistrates for a strict and humiliating examination. In the midst of these comfortless disturbances from men they sought help from God. They published that which has come down to us in latter days, bearing the name of "Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution." The present hymn appeared among those in the collection.

JUST AS I AM.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

The story has been told over and over, and yet it will never appear old, of the way in which this hymn of Miss Charlotte Elliott came to be written. In 1822 Dr. Caesar Malan, of Geneva, was visiting at the house of this young woman's father. One evening, as they sat conversing, he asked her if she thought herself to be an experimental Christian. Her health was failing then rapidly, and she was harassed often with pain; the question made her petulant for the moment. She resented his searching, and told him that religion was a matter which she did not wish to discuss. Dr. Malan replied, with his usual sweetness of manner, that he would not pursue the subject then if it displeased her, but he would pray that she might "give her heart to Christ, and become a useful worker for him." Several days afterward the young lady apologized for her abrupt treatment of the minister, and confessed that his question and his parting remark had troubled her. "But I do not know how to find Christ," she said; "I want you to help me." "Come to him just as you are," said Dr. Malan. He little thought that one day that simple reply would be repeated in song by the whole Christian world. Further advice resulted in opening the young lady's mind to spiritual light, and her life of devout activity and faith began.

She possessed literary gifts, and having assumed the charge of *The Yearly Remembrancer*, on the death of its editor, she inserted several original poems (without her name) in making up her first number. One of the poems was "Just as I am," 1836. The words of Pastor Malan, realized in her own experience, were, of course, the writer's inspiration. Beginning thus its public history in the columns of an unpretending religious magazine, the little anonymous hymn, with its sweet counsel to troubled minds, found its way into devout persons' scrapbooks, then into religious circles and chapel assemblies, and finally into the hymnals of the "Church universal." Some time after its publication a philanthropic lady, struck by its beauty and spiritual value, had it printed on a leaflet and sent for circulation through the cities and towns of the kingdom, and in connection with this an incident at an English watering place seems to have first revealed its authorship to the world. Miss Elliott, being in feeble health, was staying at Tor-

quay in Devonshire, under the care of an eminent physician. One day the doctor, who was an earnest Christian man, placed one of those floating leaflets in his patient's hands, saying he felt sure she would like it. The surprise and pleasure were mutual when she recognized her own hymn and he discovered that she was its author.

Her brother, the Rev. H. V. Elliott, stated: "In the course of a long ministry I hope I have been permitted to see some fruit of my labors, but I feel far more has been done by a single hymn of my sister's." There is no language or land where the melody of this hymn is not heard. It is the most familiar formula on the lips of the Christian evangelist in all quarters of the world. A word fitly spoken, indeed! Another hymn by the same author is:

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind!

Miss Charlotte Elliott was born near Brighton, in England, March 18, 1789. She was the granddaughter of the Rev. Henry Venn, of Huddersfield. She was never robust, and often was feeble, but her mind was clear and her imagination vivid. She loved poetry, and music was her delight. This seems to have given to her poems that sense of exquisite finish in rhythm. She offered only about one hundred and fifty hymns to the public; but almost all of these are now in wide and common use. Some time in 1834 she published the *Invalid's Hymn Book*, to which she contributed from her own pen 115 pieces, including the following, and the other by which she is most widely known, "Just as I am, without one plea." After the death of her father in 1833, and of her mother and two sisters in 1843, their home was given up, and in 1845 she went with her sole surviving sister for a while to dwell upon the continent. Returning they settled at Torquay and lived there in peace for fourteen years; by and by they went to Brighton again, where at last, at the great age of eighty-two years, Miss Elliott passed away, February 22, 1871, in the full hope and triumph of the gospel she had sung so long.

Note.—Some of the hymns in the next installment will be: "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds"; "Nearer, My God, to Thee"; "Sun of My Soul, Thou Savior Dear"; "New Mercies Each Returning Day"; "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say"; "God Moves in a Mysterious Way"; "Jesus, Where'er Thy People Meet"; "Forever with the Lord"; "From Greenland's Icy Mountains", etc.

The Homiletic Year.—September.

BY G. B. F. HALLOCK, D. D.

LABOR DAY.

In nearly all our great industrial commonwealths the first Monday in September has, by legal enactment, been designated as Labor Day. The holidays of the past have been mainly of a religious or military origin; or, if of a civic nature, in honor of a ruler's birthday. Less than a score of years have marked the establishment of this day in honor of labor, and already it is generally observed throughout the length and breadth of the land. Upon the recurrence of this day the wheels of industry are stopped, the operations of finance are suspended, the merchant closes his store, the manufacturer his factory, and the entire community makes holiday with the artisan. The Sabbath before or the one following offers the alert minister of the gospel an opportunity to present some valuable lessons.

SUGGESTIVE TEXTS AND THEMES.

True Social Development Only in the Observation of the Law of Unity: Rom. 12:4, "Many members in one body." The Unbrotherly Question: Gen. 4:9, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Decent men do not ask this question of Cain. The Golden Rule for Capital and Labor: Matt. 7:12, "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." The Labor and Liquor Problems: Lam. 5:2-5, "Our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens, we are orphans and fatherless, our mothers and widows," etc. The Call to Labor: Matt. 21:28, "Son go work today in my vineyard." Working Under God's Eye: Ephe. 6:6, "Not with eye service, as men-pleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart."

THEMES AND OUTLINES.

Labor: Its Dignities and Problems—"Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work," Ex. 20:9.

I. The great fact of the universal necessity of labor. "Six days shalt thou labor."

II. The dignity of labor. It is of Divine appointment.

III. Some of the problems connected with labor. 1. How keep the labor market full at the bottom? 2. The hours of labor, how many? 3. The subject of livery.

From a sermon by W. J. Hocking, London, England.

Work as a Means of Grace: "And because he was of the same craft, he abode with them and wrought, for by occupation they were tent-makers." Acts 18:3.

I. Some facts in regard to Paul's conduct as a worker. 1. He chose a decent and reputable calling. 2. He sought consistent companionship in his business. 3. He found opportunities to do good when hardest at work.

I. Some advantages growing out of the fact of Paul's laboring with his hands. 1. It puts

him alongside the people and in sympathy with them. 2. This contact with the people enabled him to appreciate their needs and how to meet them. 3. His labor proved a cure for despondency. 4. Paul's work deepened his personal love for Christ.

Business and Religion Combined: "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Rom. 12:11.

I. The relation between religion and business is not one of antagonism. In order to enrich oneself at trade it is not necessary to starve oneself at religion. Work and worship are not opposed.

II. The relation between religion and business is not one of separation. We are not to keep business and religion in separate bins as the farmer does his apples and potatoes. Religion has business with business, and business has business with religion.

III. The true relation is one of combination. "Not slothful in business," at the same time "fervent in spirit," thus "serving the Lord." That religion is worthless that leaves out business. If a man will not work, neither shall he eat. That business is wicked which leaves out religion. It will lie, and cheat, and bribe, and crush the poor. The only right way is to combine religion and business. Then they will prove mutually helpful.

The Way to True Prosperity: "And in every work which he began . . . he did it with all his heart and prospered." 2 Chron. 31:21. Hezekiah threw himself heartily into everything he undertook and met with success.

I. There is a good hint in the little word "work." It seems he did work. There are far too many people today who have a perfect horror of work—shirking, shirking, shifting, trying to get rid of work. No wonder they never prosper.

II. Learn also from Hezekiah the value of concentration of energy. He evidently did not begin a dozen things at once and then drivell away his energy on so many. In every work that he began he did it—just that—with all his heart, and so prospered. "Being a whole man to one thing at a time," says Fowell Buxton, "is the secret of success." Paul's motto for the Christian life is the motto of all life: "This one thing I do."

III. A third fact is that Hezekiah did all he did with real enthusiasm. "He did it with all his heart," and so "prospered." The enthusiasts move the world, achieve success, accomplish results, and so will it ever be. 1. Hezekiah showed these traits in the "seeking of his God." "Ye shall seek me and ye shall find me when ye shall search for me with all your hearts." Such seeking never fails of finding. 2. If you enlist for God do it wholly. 3. This is the way both to soul prosperity and highest happiness in religion.

Some Elements of Success in Life: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings," Prov. 22:29.

I. The importance of aim. Many a life goes to waste and ruin because like an abandoned and drifting vessel no guiding purpose directs its course.

II. The aim must be high. A purpose alone is not enough. The aim must be high. "If you aim at the barn-door you will never hit the weathercock on the steeple."

III. Your ideal must be pursued with untiring energy.

IV. What is real success? It is coming up to the level of your very best. It is not comparison with others.

Feathers for Arrows: This year's Labor Day finds the laborer's wages advancing. That seems to admit that the wages before the advance were too low. When the laborer complained he was not altogether wrong. Statisticians exulted in the almost incalculable wealth of our country, but the laborer said, The wealth is not fairly distributed; I do not get my share. Capital now concedes that point by putting up the wages.

Labor and Life, see *Current Anecdotes*, vol. 2, page 110.

Labor With God, see *Current Anecdotes*, vol. 2, page 113.

See "American Aristocracy," poem by John G. Saxe.

See "Clear the Way," poem by Charles Mackay.

See "The Song of the Forge," anonymous poem.

See "The Man With the Hoe," poem by Edwin Markham.

See "Labor is Worship," poem by Frances S. Osgood.

See "The Village Blacksmith," poem by H. W. Longfellow.

See "Mr. Loft and I," anonymous poem.

See "The Song of the Shirt," poem by Thomas Hood.

Roscher says: "The higher the culture, the more honorable labor becomes. He might have added that as culture advances, indolence and pleasure-seeking, as the essence of life, become despicable. The time has come for the glory of human parasites to depart."—J. H. W. Stuckenbarg, D.D.

SOME DEFINITIONS.

Strike—A gun which occasionally hits its mark, but always kicks.

Thief—One who presses and appropriates sweat-drops from the brows of toilers and then wears them as his own pearls.

Labor—The stamp of a slave in antiquity, the mark of a serf in the middle ages, the glory of a man in our day.

Tramp—A soul restless as the sea when it casts up mire and dirt—often stranded, never landed.

Woman's Rights—That climax of modern chivalry which gives a woman half a man's pay for a whole man's work.

Slums—A deposit of the neglect and crime of people called good; the filth that remains after innocence has washed its hands.

Ability is of little account without opportunity.—Napoleon.

Poverty is the only burden which becomes heavier as the number who bear it increases.—Jean Paul.

Every social grade has its criminals, if not by conviction, at least by character.—Charles

"The worker goes with his work; he puts his personality into his toil. The wage given as an earning should take into account the earner."

One monster there is in the world, the idle man.—Carlyle.

If you divorce capital from labor, capital is hoarded and labor starves.—Daniel Webster.

God intends no man to live in this world without working; but it seems to me no less evident that he intends every man to be happy in his work.—Ruskin.

We may infer that before the fall work was congenial and pleasant, without burden or care, and that after sin had left its blight on the earth work became toil, with vexing and sorrow, with thorns and thistles for yield instead of golden harvests. Yet we must never forget that work was part of man's lot, even in Paradise. Therefore work itself is not a curse, but a blessing. All life testifies to this. Everywhere we find work one of the conditions of good and happiness. God himself is active. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," said the Master. God is never idle. The Decalogue enjoins work as a Divine ordinance. "Six days shalt thou labor."—J. R. Miller, D.D.

Work in every hour, paid or unpaid; see only that thou work, and thou canst not escape the reward; whether thy work be fine or coarse, planting corn or writing epics, so only it be honest work, done to thine own approbation, it shall earn a reward to the senses as well as to the thought. No matter how often defeated, you are born to victory. The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.—R. W. Emerson.

The three ingredients of a perfect life—work, which gives opportunity; God, who gives happiness; love, that gives warmth. Whenever the world is all wrong, seemingly, examine your life, and see if one of these ingredients is not wanting. The ideal perfect and divine life was spent, not with a book, but with a hammer and a saw. There is nothing greater in the world than the simple doing of every-day tasks. Work is our moral education; no work, no opportunities. The farm is not a place for the growing of stock; the shop is not the place for the growing of machines alone. They are the places for the growing of souls.—Henry Drummond.

One cannot be a good Christian and be idle, unless one is physically disqualified for labor of every kind; in such case the blessing comes upon the willing heart, though the hands must be folded.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

It is in our work that God comes nearest to us, and that Christ enters deeply into our experiences, and brings to us the sweetest joy.—J. R. Miller, D.D.

Day of Prayer for Schools.

The second Sunday of September has been appointed by the concurrent action of the supreme judicatories of many denominations in our country as a day of prayer for schools. It is suggested as a day for preaching upon

the subject of education and for special prayer for private and public schools. This day of prayer will be this year on September 14th, about the time when the public and private schools throughout the country are opening their sessions. The day is altogether distinct from the day of prayer for colleges and universities in January of each year. The constituency is enormous, for while college students number about 110,000, the school children number 16,783,135; and the interests are of incalculable importance, for they have relation to the entire rising generation. It is a day which ought to be generally observed.

The Teacher is a Mighty Power in Civilization. There are four great forces that constitute civilization.

I. The home. Each of us was born in a home. Love was waiting for us and when we came. The home is central because it is founded upon the central and all embracing virtue and verity which we call love. Cursed be that hand that lays itself on the white altar of the home.

II. Second, the Church. Eighteen hundred years ago men noticed that a new power had entered into human affairs. It stands for religion, and Religion is man's relation to God. Religion constitutes a mighty force in the constitution of character and civilization.

III. Another mighty force is the book. The book, the newspaper, or literature, called by whatever name you see fit. The book is a mighty force and worth in human life and civilization.

IV. A further force in the constitution of civilization is the individual person. The teacher uses each of these four forces, and therefore the teacher is a mighty power in civilization. The teacher loves. I do not mean simply emotional love, but the love which flings itself into the life of pupils to make them pure and noble and strong and divine. The teacher also embodies the essential force of religion. Teachers also use the book, all that literature is or can be the teacher uses for the forming of character and the making of life. The teacher uses personal power. The best thing in any school room is a true teacher. If the best college is a log with Mark Hopkins at one end and J. A. Garfield at the other! Yes, you don't even need the log! The teacher's work is a great work indeed.—From an address by Rev. C. F. Thwing, D.D., Pres. Western Reserve University.

Education: "And Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," Acts 7:22. Moses was one of the most learned men of his time. His education embraced the whole range of Greek, Assyrian and Egyptian literature. There is much in his experience to commend the subject of education to all classes. In his training we see—

I. God's testimony in favor of education. 1. By God's providence Moses was placed where he could enjoy all the advantages of a good secular education. His will is also seen. 2. In the schools of the prophets. 3. In the teaching of the Bible, see especially the Book of Proverbs. 4. In the capacity and craving

of the human mind. The education of the mind, then, is a sacred duty.

II. The great value of education. 1. Think on the cost of Moses' education. 2. Think on the increased power it gave to him. By education, mental diamonds are polished, and nuggets of gold are converted into current coin.

III. Secular education is not in itself sufficient. We have a two-fold nature—mental and moral. Educate both. Moses received a religious training from his mother first, and afterwards from God in the desert.

IV. Eminence in secular education may be combined with eminence in religious education. Moses was distinguished for both. Also Paul and Milton. Intelligent piety is the best piety. 1. The Christian church should seek the education of the masses. 2. All educated minds should be consecrated to Christ.—Author Unknown.

The Bible as Literature in the Public Schools: "The National Association is growing in influence. At first it was composed mostly of those engaged in the common and lower schools, but now it has drawn into its ranks the presidents and professors of the great universities, and its deliberations and decisions are matters of national interest. President Eliot of Harvard is president for the coming year, and his high rank in educational work is thus recognized. At its recent meeting in Minneapolis the Association adopted very important action, which was proposed by President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University as follows: 'It is apparent that familiarity with the English Bible as a masterpiece of literature is rapidly decreasing among the pupils of our schools. This is the direct result of a conception which regards the Bible as a theological book merely, and thereby leads to its exclusion from the schools of some States as a subject of reading and study. We hope and ask for such a change of public sentiment in this regard as will permit and encourage the English Bible, now honored by name in many school laws and State constitutions, to be read and studied as a literary work of the highest and purest type, side by side with the poetry and prose which it has inspired and in large part formed.' It is one of the amazing things of our Christian country that the Bible is actually excluded from many of its public schools on the ground that it is a sectarian religious book. We cannot ask that it be read in the public school as a theological book, but we can ask and insist that it be read in the public school as a theological literary and religious classic that has been the richest germinal and creative influence in all our literature and life. It is a hopeful sign that the teachers themselves have taken this position and we trust that they will continue to press it until it is won in all our States and schools."

Rallying Day.

The last Sunday in September is now almost universally observed as Rallying Day in our Sunday Schools. Some schools, we think unwisely, take vacations, close their classes

through August; but many schools that take no vacations are nevertheless much depleted during the summer by absentees and are obliged to use special means in rallying teachers and scholars again for full and steady work. A day is set, an interesting program is prepared, due notice is sent to all present and former members and to friends of the school generally, and the school gets a new start by the observance.

Here is a sample invitation: "Rally On The Colors!" When an army company hears that bugle call it is the duty of every man to look to the flag, get to it as quickly as he can, and defend it to the last. Although our Sunday School company has not been disbanded during the summer, it has been much scattered, and we need to make a special effort to get together again, that we may devote ourselves to the honor of the colors which our Great Captain has commanded us to defend and advance. We need every member of the school to help in holding up the cross of Christ before others by living daily a Christ-like life. To become Christ-like we need to study his words and deeds in the Sunday School and out of it.

Next Sunday is the rallying day. Be sure to come yourself and help to bring others. Let us make a good start in this year's study of our Captain's orders, and may the Holy Spirit help us to understand and execute them.—C. R. Barnes, Supt.

Here is another: Dear Friend: A grand Sunday School rally and reunion of the officers, teachers and scholars who are now or have been connected with the Sunday School of the Brick Church, will be held at 12 o'clock, noon, September 28th, in the Sunday School room of the church, corner Fitzhugh and Allen streets. You are most earnestly invited to be present and participate in the services. Many of the members of the school have been absent during the summer months and this will be an occasion to welcome them back to begin together the study of the lessons of the next quarter. It is desired that every member now on the roll may be present. All former members will receive a most hearty welcome and are urgently invited to come. We cordially invite also any who may not be attending Sunday School elsewhere to attend the reunion and connect themselves with our school. Ushers will be in readiness to receive you and make you feel at home. The exercises of the hour will consist of good music, singing, short addresses and letters from former members. Let all unite to make this a day long to be remembered in the history of the Brick Church Sunday School. —G. B. F. Hallock, Supt.

Some churches observe a Rallying Week. One pastor says: "We issued a special program, inviting all the Sunday School to come to the morning service in the church; all in the congregation were invited to the Sunday School, all the young people to the meeting of the Young People's Society, and all were urged to come again in the evening. Every service was arranged with reference to the occasion. The people responded finely, and it was a day to be remembered. One thing

we added that I have not noticed elsewhere. A social was given on the following Tuesday evening that was really a social—a 'rallying-day social.' Then we gathered again in the Thursday evening prayer-meeting. Thus we made it a 'Rallying Week' instead of a 'Rallying Day,' hoping that all would recognize the power that there is in numbers, so that they would rally to all the services of the church continually."

Scripture Rallies: Some Suggestions for a Program:—The pastor said: "A rally is an occasion when people gather for the purpose of acting together. They can then restore the power of united action which has been partly lost through separation. Seeing that we are workers together, we get encouragement too. A rallying-day ought to be a time for planning new work—new objects of our co-operation. In the Scriptures we find accounts of many rallies. Let us look at a few of them:

I. Joshua's Last Rally, Josh. 24.

II. Samuel's Last Rally. "Come, let us go up to Gilgal and renew the kingdom there." Selections from 1 Sam., chapters 11 and 12.

III. Nehemiah's Last Rally. "And all the people gathered themselves together as one man. . . . And Ezra opened the book in the sight of all the people. . . . And they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and they gave the sense." In Neh., chapter 8.

Some Suggestions: 1. Begin early. Announce the rally at least three weeks in advance. 2. Employ the three weeks in working up the attendance of your school. With utmost tact enlist all teachers and scholars in it. 3. Repeat the announcement before the day arrives. Let both days be alive with a holy determination to bring out every member without exception. 4. Call on the teachers to study their class-books. How many scholars are returned? Who and how many are absent? Who must be visited and brought back? 5. On the previous Sabbaths let the superintendent recognize by a word of public praise the classes that are best filled. 6. Visit or send a note to teachers who are slow in coming back to their classes or in taking up the work. 7. Prepare an excellent program, so that all who come will be delighted and enthused. 8. It is the best time to get new scholars. Enthuse the school to invite them. Plan some method of house to house visitation to secure them.

Church Services: Preparing for the Winter Campaign: "O Lord, revive thy work." Hab. 3: 2. Three looks are necessary, if our hopes are to be realized and our preparation to be complete.

I. An upward look to God. We must know His mind and follow His guidance.

II. An outward look upon the field. We must see and realize the need. The fields are white to the harvest.

III. A look in upon the forces. 1. Each minister must begin first with himself. 2. Then with Christians, his church and people. Then all together seek the lost.—From a sermon by J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.

Lot's Escape:—"Escape for thy life; look not behind thee," etc., Gen. 19: 17. I. An

alarm. "Escape for thy life." II. A caution. "Look not behind you." III. An invitation. "To the mountain."—Rev. I. T. Mayor.

Indecision:—"How long halt ye between two opinions?" 1 Kings 18: 21. I. Human responsibility. 1. Man endowed with freedom of will. 2. Man endowed with moral sense. 3. He is also illuminated by the Holy Spirit. 4. Therefore absolutely responsible before God. II. The evils of indecision. 1. It is an unsatisfactory state of mind. 2. It paralyzes vigorous enterprise. 3. It invites self-deception.—Rev. J. B. Kanaga.

The Holy Spirit as Rain:—"And he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth." Hos. 6: 3.

I. Like rain, the influences of the Holy Spirit are copious.

II. Like rain, the influences of the Holy Spirit are seasonable.

III. Like rain, the influences of the Holy Spirit are refreshing.

IV. Like rain, the influences of the Holy Spirit are fertilizing.

V. Like rain, the influences of the Holy Spirit are from above.—Author unknown.

Waiting for the Holy Ghost:—"He commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith He, ye have heard of me." Acts 1: 4.

Jerusalem, which was the scene of the Saviour's sufferings, was also to be the scene of his first triumph. He was to be first crowned where he was crucified. As the baptism of the Holy Ghost was to be the grand instrument for evangelizing mankind, Christ commanded his disciples not to depart from Jerusalem until they received power from on high. They were to wait there for the Holy Ghost.

I. The Holy Ghost was promised. No promises of God could be more clear and explicit than those which spoke of the Holy Ghost. Joel 2: 28. John the Baptist declared, Matt. 3: 3, that Christ should "Baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire." The Lord Jesus, shortly before his sufferings, expatiated upon this grand and important subject. John 4: 14; 15: 26; Mark 16: 17.

II. The disciples were to wait for the Holy Ghost. To "wait for" means to expect it in the right way. The Holy Ghost was a promised gift which they could only receive by prayer, so the disciples betook themselves to this means of grace, and while still waiting in prayer, after a lapse of ten days, the Holy Spirit came upon them in Pentecostal effusion. They continued in prayer until they received the promised gift.

III. This is in harmony with the usual ordinances of grace. A promise is our warrant for prayer. Grace comes through "means of grace" and these means must be used. It is fanaticism to hope for promised good without using the appointed means. And we must wait or continue in their use until the blessing be granted.—Author unknown.

Popular Amusements: HELPFUL OR HARMFUL?

BY AUGUSTUS NASH.

I. Do you think the very fact that certain amusements are popular is sufficient to put them under suspicion?

II. Is it essential to a really happy and useful life to have indulged in popular amusements at some time?

III. In your experience, can you remember things that happened from such indulgence that have hindered your living a right life?

IV. May we lay it down as a principle that the things that call for the exercise of our powers, yield a greater satisfaction than that which calls merely for self-indulgence?

V. Does experience prove that when we yield to that which we popularly describe as "light" or "the killing of time," is really weakening to character?

VI. Do we actually find moral strength in the lessons taught by those things whose end is to minister to selfish gratification?

VII. Must we look beyond the mere amusements themselves and consider their tendencies if we are to decide this question aright?

VIII. Does it seem reasonable that Christian men should have to resort to those things in which non-Christian men find their chief amusement?

IX. Is it necessary that the Christian man should be more guarded about such matters than others?

X. Do you think it would be well to adopt as a rule of life, never to make any provision for the baser side of our nature? Rom. 13: 14.

XI. Does the stifling of all impulses calculated to hinder the formation of character, appear to you as a morbid view of life? Rom. 8: 13.

XII. Can a man do anything regarding which there is an uncertainty in his own mind without committing sin? Rom. 13: 22, 23.

XIII. To what extent should we allow our indulgences to affect our influence over others?

XIV. Do you think that the following mature choice of a great man can be adopted as a model for all young men? Heb. 11: 24, 25.

Note.—Other subjects in this series to be treated in following issues are: When is it safe to pardon a guilty man? Can a man be good when he does not feel like it? Is anything wrong in itself?

We take pleasure in commanding to our readers the Fremont-Vineta Oil & Gold Mining Co., whose ad will be found on another page. We have long been acquainted with two of the officers of the company and have full confidence in the company's representations. In these days, when fraudulent companies (mining, oil and others) are so numerous, it is but just that we should call especial attention to one that we have full reason to believe is worthy of confidence.

The clergyman's little boy was spending the afternoon with the bishop's children. "At the rectory," he said, "we've got a hen that lays an egg every day." "Pooh!" said Master Bishop, "my father lays a foundation stone once a week."—London, Ch.

CURRENT ANECDOTES

A paper furnishing illustrations and their morals,
for religious public speakers.

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Buckling on Our Armor for the Work of the Coming Year.

In response to the request in the August number, that our readers take up with us the discussion of new features and the improvement of old, we have received some very valuable suggestion and criticisms. And the criticisms come from men who show evidence of having given considerable thought to the matter.

With the valuable advice received and consultation with level-headed men from time to time and our own best efforts to make this paper of great help to all the preachers in the United States who come in contact with it, is it too much to hope that in the influences that make for the extension of the Kingdom of Heaven, that Current Anecdotes shall be found to be a strong co-operative influence the coming year.

The results of the conference seemed to be: Illustrative department; quite satisfactory; one request being for illustrations on special subjects, like Prayer, Missions, etc. Another request was for nature and science illustrations. These requests will be supplied from time to time, in addition to the contributions of A. C. Dixon, Louis Albert Banks, Russell Conwell, J. Wilbur Chapman and A. T. Pierson. A suggestion was made that some of Joseph Parker's illustration be used.

Stories of Hymns and their Authors.—Nothing suggested in the conference met with as general response as this, one saying that his audiences were delighted with the two services he had prepared from Current Anecdotes. They have been used in both city and country churches. Therefore the heading above will be the title of our new department, commencing in this issue, to be furnished by the editor. The list of hymns we will try to cover will be the one hundred best hymns, as determined several years since by a general vote.

Quotable Poetry.—There was very great diversity of opinion on this. A page will be given from time to time.

Unusual.—This is the only department that was not criticised. It was suggested that we add to it wit and repartee suitable for banquets.

Bible Text Stories.—This idea did not attract much attention. An occasional page will be sufficient this year.

Homiletic Department.—The responses on this department all spoke of Dr. Hallock's work as very helpful. He is going to use more space and enlarge his outlines and present suggestive outlines for special occasions. Those that have been pleased with his past work will be delighted with the new arrangement.

Sermon Department.—Several expressed satisfaction with Dr. Banks' sermons, but wanted to have others added. We mentioned in the August number that we expected to have Dr. A. C. Dixon and J. Wilbur Chapman in addition to Dr. Banks. A Disciple minister suggested Dr. Burrell's sermons, which shows that our readers are not hide-bound. Then we have our lines out for special sermons. Note the one in this issue by Ralph Connor, the author of "Black Rock," it reads like his stories. Later we expect to give one of Josiah Strong's addresses.

An evangelist suggested that we were planning for preachers' heads, and not their hearts. While I don't agree, still it suggested to me that no man in the country, save G. Campbell Morgan, is more helpful to ministers than S. D. Gordon. Do you remember his "Second Hill-Top." Well, we will occasionally hear Gordon.

Another suggested a sermon criticism department. Good idea, but not workable unless we published the sermon criticized.

Methods Department.—Diversity was asked in Mr. Cook's department. It was suggested that we make our readers tell how they have succeeded in some special feature. One minister says that problems like music, libraries, choirs, should be discussed—a sort of preachers' clearing house, telling how to get out programs. Do you want this?

Sunday School.—One man wanted Sunday school problems taken up. We have taken this ground on that subject: That the preacher ought not to run the Sunday school. If there is no one capable of the superintendency, educate some one. Thus you double your capacity. Where this is impossible, as in some smaller places, we suggest The International Evangel, 50 cents a year. Occasionally a little space will be given to Sunday school organization and management. But one request along this line will be granted, viz: That we resume indexing illustrations for the Sunday school lesson. The preacher is often called upon by the superintendent for remarks. Then if he has glanced at the illustrations on the lesson that morning, he has a story that will nail some of those boys and girls to his morning or evening service.

General.—Interviews covering personality of preachers, and descriptions of successful churches; their activities, etc., was suggested. Well, from time to time, yes, but bear in mind successful men are busy and hate to talk about themselves or their work.

We could tell you more, but we want to keep something for surprises. Come to the next conference, by sending your opinions to the editor. See page 660, for portraits of our staff.

A Missionary Possibility.

A Foreign Missionary, or Bible Reader, supported by each Church in the United States. It can be arranged so that the one supported will be of your own denomination.

Some time since we presented an article on how the Presbyterian Church at Wichita, Kan., increased its missionary offering from \$300 to \$3,000 a year. The article related how the actual responsibility for the conversion of a certain number of heathen was laid before the people. They saw the reasonableness of it, and increased their gifts.

Of this method Prebendary Fox, of London, said that since the adoption of this plan of linking the home church with the foreign, that is, support a preacher or a helper in the foreign field, as well as the one who ministers to your own spiritual welfare. If you pay your preacher \$1,000 you could surely raise \$300 for a native preacher, and the poorest church could support a Bible reader at \$30 to \$50 a year. On your printed matter where the pastor at home appears, put the name of the missionary pastor. As to the wisdom of the plan note the following:

The Presbyterian Church in Bryn Mawr was giving about \$150 a year when they adopted this method. In response to their appeal for the money for the salary of one man and his wife, they secured the salaries for two married missionaries, and they have maintained the support of their missionaries for over twelve years. A prominent member of the church has also assumed the support of a missionary and has built a hospital in India, where one of the church's missionaries is located. The church has also erected a residence for its missionary in Japan. Over \$50,000 have thus been contributed by that church in twelve years, an average of over \$4,000 a year, as against the \$150 a year which was being given before. One says:

"I had the privilege of worshipping in that church not long ago, as I had also had the privilege of worshipping with another part of its membership in Western India. As I entered the sanctuary in Bryn Mawr and looked upon the faces of the congregation, I saw in memory the dark faces of the Indian congregation which I had addressed a few years before. The churches in Japan and India and Bryn Mawr are one. It will never be possible to persuade the Bryn Mawr church to narrow its field of service to the few square miles of its American parish and the few hundreds of already evangelized people occupying that parish. It stands for the Christianization of parishes of hundreds of square miles, populated by tens of thousands of Indians and Japanese. Its foreign missionaries are as truly its ministers as its home pastor. It rejoices with them in their success; it numbers their converts in its membership. It represents the fulfillment of the expectation of the Great Missionary, who said, 'Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also must I bring; and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.'"

Let every Pastor who will make an effort in his church to this end send his name to F. M. BARTON, (Church Abroad Dept.) 617-625 Rose Building, Cleveland, O.

Books for Preachers.

Why are the books I announce on page 648 of especial value to preachers? In the first place I publish exclusively for preachers, and do not seek other trade. Next, I consult leading preachers and other well-read men as to the value of a work before I undertake it; men of different denomination, conservative as well as advanced thinkers.

Before I offered you the Expositors' Bible, I consulted a half-dozen men, whose judgment you would respect. Some said it was all good, some said half, but that half was worth the price I asked. Now, as to price—they are lower in most all cases than for books of equal size to say nothing of merit, and I pay the postage. See page 653.

The Biblical Encyclopedia and Museum—commendations—I could fill two pages. Boiled down the facts are that you will consult it as much as any set of books in your library. Page 654.

New Books.

Annotations upon Popular Hymns was written by the best judge of hymns America has known; editor of a half-dozen leading hymnals. He wrote with the praise or song service in mind. Every time we used a song service we had requests for a book along the same line. The book is worth \$3.00, and will be of more practical use to you than any work on hymnology published. But see page 598.

The Homiletic Year, by Dr. Hallock. It is as if you were puzzling your brain and heart and soul what to preach on, and you said I will call on Dr. Hallock, and he should take you to his library and make suggestions. Then all the holidays and observances of the church year are given. See page 598.

A 65-Day Trip to the Orient.

WITH PRIVILEGE OF 12½ DAYS IN THE HOLY LAND FOR \$400, INCLUDING ALL EXPENSES.

The above price gives you first-class berths on the main deck; berths on the saloon deck \$25. These are the lowest prices ever offered for a first-class trip to the Orient and the Holy Land. The voyage will be made on the twin-screw express steamship "Kaiser Maria Theresa," which will sail from New York, February 7, 1903, to be gone 65 days. Think of it only about \$6 a day for a health-giving voyage, and 12½ days in the Holy Land, including visits to Madeira, Granada and the Alhambra, Gibraltar, Algiers, Athens, Constantinople and the Black Sea, Smyrna, Egypt, Naples, Pompeii, Rome, etc. On account of the superior speed of the steamer this itinerary will give 9 days less on the water than the Celtic cruise of last year. It will be a select company; elaborate notes and bibliography furnished to prospective voyagers. Apply for particulars to D. E. Lorenz, 151 Fifth avenue, New York, N. Y., mentioning Current Anecdotes.

PREACHERS' EXCHANGE.

There are books in your library you never use. Some younger man may want them badly or think he wants them. He may have something you want. Try a 4-line 30-word advertisement for 50c, or 10-line 75-word for \$1, or 20-line 150-word for \$1.75; cash in advance.—Current Anecdotes Co., Cleveland, O.

Pulpit Power and Eloquence or the One Hundred Best Sermons of the 19th Century (2d edition) has taken its place as the best collection of sermons published. Volume 2 of Pulpit Power and Eloquence will contain 30 or more sermons. These books are the cream of sermon production, and each contain sermons abreast of the times. Read one sermon a week and your respect and admiration of your calling will increase, and it will strike your mental flint till a shower of sparks start. See page 657.

Then that Interleaved Bible, and the Funeral Manual. I try to publish books that will prove valuable to you, because that is my special business. See page 649.

Chats with Young Christians—a handsome little book, consisting of talks given a large class of converts by Dr. Louis Albert Banks. One edition has been sold, the price being 40 cents each, but there was such a demand for them by pastors for use as presents to their young people, that we have reduced the price on the second edition to 25 cents, and in quantities to \$2 for 12, \$1.10 for 6. F. M. Barton, publisher, Cleveland, O.

Three Books Worth Looking At.

Religion and Science, by Calderwood. These lectures were so popular that they were repeated at Edinburgh. Price has always been \$1.75; now \$1.50.

Art of Illustration, by Charles H. Spurgeon, at \$1.00.

Christian Leader: "The young minister is told not only how to employ the stories, but where to look for them as well. No minister who reads it and acts upon its suggestions will fail to preach with greater effect."

The Funeral Manual, outlines of funeral addresses, interment or committal services of different churches; a comfort to any pastor, bound in limp leather, \$1 post paid.

The New York Observer says: "It contains much that will aid the pastor in the performance of a duty which is often trying and delicate."

CAREFUL INVESTMENT.

I have invested in a number of enterprises, but two years ago I began investing in an enterprise, and I have put more money into it than all my other investments combined, and have greater confidence in it than in any of the others. The officers and managers of the company are honest and, what is of equal importance, are successful business men.

If you have \$500 or \$600, or if you can spare from \$5 to \$25 per month, you can get an interest that will bring you good returns. Full information sent if you are interested. F. M. Barton, 617-625 Rose building, Cleveland, O.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

A pastor could make no more appropriate Christmas present, than a copy of Favorite Texts of Famous People, spoken of with appreciation by Pansy, Margaret Sangster, J. Wilbur Chapman, etc. It contains stories of several hundred texts, accounts of how they have influenced lives of great men and women. The book contains two colored plates, one the Christ-child, making it peculiarly appropriate for Christmas. List price is \$1.50,

but will be sent postpaid for \$1.00, six copies for \$4.50, twelve for \$8.00. F. M. Barton, publisher, Cleveland, O.

COMMENTS ON CURRENT ANECDOTES.

The Helpful Preacher's Magazine.

Composite photograph of hundreds of voluntary commendations, nearly all using the word "helpful." My audiences have increased since using C. A.

"I cannot get along without it. Send numbers I have missed."

"Worth its weight in gold."

"One illustration or article often worth a year's subscription."

"I might get along without it—like a good dinner, when hungry, but I would not like to."

"You are enabling men to make sermons bright and effective, that otherwise would be prosy." See page 660.

ADVERTISE YOUR CHURCH

And make clear some money (\$15 to \$18) at the same time by having your Young People's Society sell souvenir glass paper weights, with a photograph of your church, and pastor, too, if you wish, in the glass. Some churches have sold 200 or 300, but any church can sell ten or twelve dozen. The weights are beautiful, glass 1 in. thick and 4x2½ in. They are to be sold at 25c each, about one-half or one-third what a photograph alone would cost, and that unframed. Prices and terms are:

We charge \$18, per gross (144) payable 20 days from date of shipment. We ship by freight, guaranteeing that the freight will not exceed \$1.00 to any point east of the Mississippi, and north of the Ohio River.

We make the weights without the picture of your pastor if desired, or with any other subject you care to send us, at no additional cost. Sample weight 25c. Send photograph of the church, or pastor, or both, if you wish both included, with your order.

Under these favorable conditions, we do not believe you will fail to take advantage of this excellent opportunity, especially in view of the fact that having 20 days in which to sell the weights before paying.

We ask for no money in advance. We advertise only in reputable papers, and this is sufficient guarantee of our reliability, and the feasibility of this plan.

Let us have your order for at least one gross, or write us for further information if desired. Wilfred Smith & Co., 150 Nassau street, New York city.

THE BAPTIST TEMPLE.

One of \$3,500. Broad and Berks Sts., Phila. Office of the Pastor.

Philadelphia, March 12, 1900.

Gentlemen:—In reply to your letter to Mr. Conwell, would say that from the use of the dime album we received over thirty-five hundred dollars.

Yours very truly,

EDWARD H. ELDRIDGE,

Dictated to L. S. Secretary.

As a most successful promoter of any good cause, Rev. Russell Conwell is known and esteemed all over this continent. See page 650 for the answer as to how it was done.

Methods of Church Work.

BY ELLISON R. COOK.

TWENTIETH CENTURY PROBLEMS AND HOW TO SOLVE THEM.

There is an Arabian proverb which says: "He who knows not, is a fool; avoid him. He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is simple; teach him. He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep; wake him. But he who knows, and knows that he knows, is a wise man! follow him."

Let us say that the man who knows not and knows that he knows not, ceases to be simple and soon becomes wise, if he is willing to be taught. It is, however, a singular fact that there are not a few pastors whose time has been so fully occupied in the study of theory, that they are totally lost in the region of detail. Some of them knowing that they know many great things, are unwilling to admit their ignorance of the lesser things—the practical things—hence it is no rare thing to find a pastor thoroughly furnished, so far as his pulpit work goes, but wholly incapacitated for the management of the practical details of organization and work of his church.

The time has come when the man or the church not alive to the importance of adapting progressive, modern methods to the demands of the day, will surely fail to hold their own. Competition is almost as sharp in the church as in business, and the pastor owes it to the great cause which he presents to put forth every effort, and utilize every legitimate means in carrying forward the work of the church.

Personal power, individuality, and magnetism are prime factors in business success. It is marvelous how by persistent advertising people are convinced that they must have certain things. The great Biscuit trust says "Uneeda Biscuit," and the American populace straightway needs a biscuit, or thinks it needs a biscuit, which amounts to the same thing. Not an "Acme" biscuit, or a "Star" biscuit, but the biscuit that they read about, the biscuit that the trust bakes is the biscuit they must have. The business man says that this end is accomplished by "persistent and unflinching enforcement upon the consciousness of the individual of the merits, desirability, and superiority of the article." "Uneeda biscuit" may be no better than any other biscuit, but the man who buys it and eats it, thinks it is.

There is an art in thus appealing to every man and woman to become a customer. The man who has this end in view, centers all the personality, all the magnetism, and all the individual force that he can muster by money, effort and experience, on his work, and he succeeds. Should those of us who are divinely appointed to "Break the Bread of Life" to perishing men and women, be less diligent, less earnest?

We have, or ought to have, the inspirations which come from knowing that we have the only "bread" that can support spiritual life. There are no substitutes. The people must

eat of this "Bread sent down from heaven," or they die. But how listless, how indifferent, how careless we are.

Compare the outlay of time and effort and money made to acquaint the world with the merits of "Sapolio," with what the church in many places is making to convince men of their need of the "cleansing power" of Gospel Grace.

The magnificent mission of the church is to find men, convince them of their need of salvation and bring them to God—a mission as deep as the needs of man and as broad as the goodness of God. The one test of the value of any method is the extent to which it accomplishes the mission of the church.

No method that directly or indirectly contributes to this end should be condemned. On the contrary the one great need in the majority of our towns and small cities, and in the rural parish as well, is the introduction, in modified form, of the modern methods, which have been so wondrously successful in reaching and saving men in the great cities.

It is a fact that almost eighty per cent of the churches of this country are located in towns of less than eight thousand inhabitants, and about four pastors out of every five are in charge of town or country churches. The purpose of this article is to suggest some practical plans and modern methods which can be used effectively in the town churches. We affirm that they can be made effective, because they have been tested and tried and found successful under conditions which could not be less favorable anywhere.

AROUSE YOUR PEOPLE.

They are asleep. There are very few you will find who have any fair idea of the situation or any conception of the possibilities for good, which center in the church. The improvement in methods has been confined almost wholly to the city churches. Nineteenths of all literature on the subject of methods of church work applies to conditions existing in the great cities. Pastors and churches in the cities seem in some good degree awake to the importance of employing twentieth century methods in handling twentieth century problems, but in the towns we drift along in ruts, and our methods were antiquated twenty-five years ago.

Now, let it be understood, there is no lack of churches. Indeed in many places there has been a multiplication of small, weak churches to the serious hurt of the cause. It is not more churches, but better churches that we need, nor on the other hand would we abolish any church already established, but rather should the effort be made to improve them all. And how is this to be accomplished? First of all, we repeat, by arousing the members to a sense of the importance of the church, even in the small town, and bringing them to see that there is a great work which can be done. We would suggest:

(1) That a conference of all the pastors in the town be called, and that, by mutual agreement, they enter thoughtfully and prayerfully upon a study of the conditions which obtain, and among themselves discuss the problems presented. For the time, at least, let denominational differences be forgotten, and the one great work of all churches, the salvation of souls, be kept in view.

(2) Let the pastors prepare a joint letter, setting forth the results of their investigation, and calling upon the people to arouse from their lethargy, and prepare for aggressive work.

Some special work, or forward movement (of what nature is to be determined, of course, by local conditions) should be suggested.

The placing of such a letter in the hands of each church member in a town, simultaneously, would in itself bring about such discussion, and arouse such interest as will open the way for more definite work.

(3) A sermon by each pastor the following Sunday along the same general line of things would tend to focalize and fix responsibility.

(4) We would suggest after these steps have been taken that each pastor proceed to organize, or reorganize his church for active work. There ought to be an inter-denominational committee, whose duty would be to so distribute the work so that there would be no conflict. They too might take up any question relating to the general good of the community, and by co-operation secure any moral reform that might be needed.

(5) Entering upon such an investigation the pastor will soon discover that there is much work to be done within his own church.

The Sunday School.—Appoint a judicious committee to investigate and report upon the methods being used in the Sunday school. Let them make inquiry as to plans used by the most successful schools of which they have knowledge. The pastor and Sunday school superintendent, ought, of course, to be on this committee. In all probability you will find the record of attendance system one that was out of date a quarter of a century ago. No special emphasis is laid on punctuality and promptness. Study the record of attendance, and you will likely find that not fifty per cent of the children on the roll are regular in their coming. Here there is a great work for this Sunday school committee. Let them ascertain what children are irregular, and then begin systematically to look after them. Visit the parents, find out if possible, the cause. Decide upon some twentieth century method for recording attendance and encouraging promptness and punctuality.

Faithful work along these lines will result in largely increasing the average attendance, and in arousing an interest that will prove helpful and stimulating to the whole church.

A BABY ROLL MOVEMENT.

"Ah!" we hear the great doctor of divinity say, "you are talking of something beneath the dignity of my high position." Do you think so? The Greatest Teacher this world ever saw had a place in his plan of labor for

the little children. He had time to take them "up in his arms and bless them." Let us tell you something of the results of a "Baby Roll" in one church of which we have knowledge. A consecrated young married woman, with no children of her own, was made superintendent of this department. She sent out neatly printed cards to all the mothers of little ones too young for the infant class in Sunday school. Not one of these mothers failed to respond and a neat "Baby Roll" containing the names of all our babies was hung in the Sunday school room. On their birthday the superintendent sends a handsome card, thus reminding the mother that her baby was not forgotten, and that the Sunday school would keep her little one under watchful, loving care, looking forward anxiously to the coming into the infant class. Such work as this gives the church and Sunday school a hold upon the affections of that mother as could be obtained in no other way. Deprived by reason of the duties of home of attending as she would like, the Sunday school and church, it is a comfort and blessing to the tired mother to know her little one is not forgotten. It may impress the great "D. D." as "small business," but it often means the salvation of an immortal soul. It is a work that angels would be glad to do.

WHAT OF YOUR YOUNG PEOPLE?

Here is work that needs to be done. Tentative efforts have no doubt been made to organize them into League, Guild, Union, or Endeavor societies, but it is not true that no one (perhaps not even the pastor) has manifested the zeal and interest the vast importance of the work entitled it to receive? Select a committee of your best young men, and most devoted girls. Invite them to meet their pastor in his study. There will be prayer for divine guidance, then a full, free discussion of the conditions. The pastor will have a plan to suggest. He will invite criticism and amendments. Wisdom and caution will be needed, but an organized effort in behalf of the young people, inaugurated in this way, will guarantee, first of all, the enthusiastic support of the members of this committee, and will open a new era of church life and one of rapid and substantial growth.

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETIES—HOME AND FOREIGN.

Attention to these important departments of church work will doubtless develop the fact that the good women have not always had the recognition and encouragement they deserved. In this general review and careful study of conditions opportunity is offered for more thorough organization, and more effective work. The pastor will find some of the ladies discouraged. There will be others who will express a willingness to work, but they do not know what to do. Here is the golden opportunity to give to the women the facts developed in the investigation made by the pastors. There are families "Down by the depot," "out in the factory district," that need looking after. Some of them are really too poor to send their children to Sunday school. They are not beggars, and they would resent

the idea of being considered objects of charity,—here is needed consecrated tact. There are women in your church who, if they are willing, can find a way to help these deserving people, without offending them. It would not be seemly to discuss such cases in detail before all the society. Appoint a committee of three judicious, consecrated women—give them a list of the families, and they will “manage matters.” And there is other work. The pastor knows of members who complain that none of the ladies ever visit them in their homes. These are members who rarely attend church. They need looking after. A wisely selected “visiting committee” could do a work that would result in great good. Other special lines of work will suggest themselves. Keep in view in all these efforts the central idea of the plan, namely: the development of the individual worker.

NOW CALL A CHURCH CONFERENCE

Have your several committees ready with a report of what has been done, and what is proposed. Representatives of the inter-denominational committee should tell something of the situation from their standpoint. The Sunday school superintendent, enthusiastic over the new methods, increased interest and attendance, can inspire the whole church. The young people also, it will be announced, are organized as never before, and ready for work.

If the Sunday school and other departments of the church have taken on new life, by the introduction of modern methods, and the improvement is thus brought as an object lesson to the attention of the entire church in conference, it will be easier to secure enthusiastic co-operation in any plan of organization and work the pastor may suggest.

One great difficulty about any plan of organization like the “Class” or “Band” system is that it is exceedingly difficult to secure a sufficient number to do efficient work as leaders. There are in every church the “faithful few,” who are both competent and willing to do anything, but our experience has been that a plan of organization which involves the entire membership breaks down, and fails to accomplish the desired end because perhaps out of a dozen “bands” not more than one or two will carry out the instructions. A meeting is called for reports and general review, and often of the twelve leaders are either absent or have nothing to report. This makes an impression on all that are present that the plan has been an utter failure, and even those who were at first enthusiastic become discouraged. We come now to suggest a new plan, based on the twentieth century idea that the only way to do things is to do them.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY PLAN.

This plan looks mainly to the development of the individual worker, under the immediate direction of the pastor and a corps of assistants selected from the ranks of the faithful few. The movement involves the following principles:

- (1) Instruction.
- (2) Confession.
- (3) Activity.

The movement might be organized as the “I. C. A.” with a play on the letters to attract attention and incidentally arouse interest.

I. C. A. need for instruction.

I. C. A. need for confession.

I. C. A. man who needs my help, or the letters might stand for “Individual Christian Activity.”

The worker must know what Christ’s will is through the instruction of Christian teachers; he must publicly acknowledge that Christ’s will is his will; and then he must do that will. He must be willing to learn, ready to confess, anxious to work.

There are a great many dyspeptic Christians in all our churches. They are bilious and disappointed, hopeless and useless, except as they become a means of grace to the pastor and other workers, by their continual growling and fault-finding. Some of them have just enough religion to make them miserable, others just enough to make them “fussy.” In fact they have all the symptoms of spiritual dyspepsia. Now the only remedy for this distressing disease is spiritual activity. “Go to work,” said the famous English doctor to his rich, dyspeptic patient; “go to work, live on six pence a day, and earn it.” “Go to work,” says the Great Physician, to him who would escape this worst of all spiritual diseases. The sad discouraged Christian, who feels his shortcomings and the degeneracy of the times in which he lives, so overwhelmingly as to take away his peace and joy, needs to get out into God’s pure air upon some errand of mercy.

Now the “I. C. A.” movement proposes to reach this class, the hardest of all classes to bring in touch with the forward movements of the church, and all other classes as well.

Now as to the plan of organization. The methods are simple. The pastor is ex-officio president. A secretary, man or woman, who is willing and in position to give some time to the work, should be selected. Then three committees of only three members each should be appointed.

A Lookout Committee, whose duty it shall be to find out who is sick, in need, or for whom any special effort should be made, or to whom any special attention should be given. There is widow Jones who really needs pecuniary assistance.

Brother Brown has a large family, he has been sick for several weeks. The winter will soon be here. That rich dyspeptic member would perhaps send him a ton of coal. Thus help a worthy man, and cure his dyspepsia.

There are several members it has been noted, who have been absent from church a month or more. They need looking after. All such facts are noted by the Lookout Committee and reported to the pastor.

A Ways and Means Committee of three, of which the pastor is chairman. This committee meets once a week, or oftener, and goes over carefully the reports of the Lookout Committee. They decide upon the best plan for meeting the needs in each case and with the church roll before them select those who are to carry out the plan decided upon. Many

a man who would be utterly useless and wholly inactive on a general committee, will do a specific act of charity if thus specially commissioned.

There are a number of families that ought to be visited. The Ways and Means Committee selects certain ladies for this work. The secretary or pastor notifies them, and nine times out of ten they will do as requested. The Lookout Committee suggests that a mission Sunday school be established in the factory district, or that a series of cottage prayer meetings be held in certain homes. The Ways and Means Committee with the church roll before them selects members to do this important work. Thus within a short time many members may become active workers and during the year a specific work may be assigned to every member in a church.

The third and last committee we would suggest is on "Bible Study and Workers Classes." Their duty will be to take in hand the organization of classes or bands for the systematic study of the Bible, and of methods of Christian work.

The other committees have been at work, and members hitherto inactive have been induced to do some special work. One has spent half hour reading God's Word to the old lady blind for years. Another undertook to conduct a cottage prayer meeting, and many have been aroused and at work on other lines. All will be found ready now to study, under proper direction, the Bible, and investigate the methods of successful Christian workers in other fields.

The beauty of this plan thus merely outlined, lies in the fact that it can be made a success though a pastor can find but nine or ten efficient, consecrated workers in his entire membership.

The plan is susceptible of many variations and can be enlarged, or modified to suit existing conditions almost anywhere.

ADVERTISING IN LOCAL PAPER.

"One of the most effective of all means of advertising is in the columns of the town paper," says Rev. George A. Miller from experience. "Here the town pastor has a great advantage over his city brother, for, except in rare cases, the city editor regards church news as entirely too tame to suit the taste of his spice-fed contingent. The editor of the town paper is always glad to get such news and will usually print it in the form in which it is handed in, a concession that would be rare, indeed, in the larger city. If from day to day some item of church news can be slipped in unobtrusively, it will do much to keep the church before the people. It is needless to say that these items must be free from personal mention of the pastor or it will immediately be said that he is "blowing his own horn." In this, as in all church advertising, the pastor cannot help figuring to some extent, but his private motto should be the three rules of the old fisherman: "First, keep out of sight; second, keep farther out of sight; third, keep still farther out of sight." Most pastors announce the regular Sunday

service with subjects of sermons when they think best, but this use of the press may be vastly increased if the pastor is a man of tact. In this as in every item of advertising skill, there is much in perseverance. Some large business enterprises have been built up by different forms of persistent advertising before the same people, till the commodity for sale won its way to popular recognition. A study of the advertising methods of some of the established firms, who make constant use of the last pages of the popular magazines, is full of suggestion to the man who will keep his work to the front, and himself in touch with the world of business life. An established business will sometimes run the same advertisement for years without change, thereby giving the impression of stability of the firm. Such methods will not do for the novice. He must get the eye of the people and get it as quickly as possible.

NOVEL SUGGESTIONS.—UNIQUE METHODS.

YOUNG LADIES AS USHERS.

In a Western church several young ladies were appointed ushers for the evening service with great success. It is said that the hard-headed old-timer who never went where shown, but always let the usher walk in dignified silence all the way down the aisle while he slipped into a seat near the entrance, followed the young lady usher, with lamb-like humility. It is unnecessary to state that the number of young men attending service at this church was materially increased. The wisdom of this plan depends upon the young ladies. A couple of gigglers will spoil it. Better use boys and girls from 10 to 15. No one will criticize that.

OLD FOLKS GALLERY.

The Lincoln Park Baptist Church, of Cincinnati, O., has an Old Folks Gallery, with the most comfortable upholstered seats possible, and other conveniences.

They also have a balcony on the front of the church, where a band is stationed for summer evening concerts before the services.

CHILDREN'S CHOIRS.

Music and song form a most important part of Divine worship. To secure a good choir of trained voices is a difficult matter in very many small town churches, but children's voices are almost always available and a choir made up of the best voices from the Sunday school has been used with fine effect in a number of churches.

A WHITTLING CLUB.

One town pastor has captured all the boys by organizing a "Whittling Club." Every boy who has a pocket knife and can get a piece of soft pine is eligible for membership. Of course, this pastor is a whittler himself. Many useful articles have been made by the boys under the direction of their patron saint. Letter boxes, mop-sticks, butter-paddles, wooden spoons, toy swords, and as may be seen an infinite variety of articles may be made. The boys engage in the work with enthusiasm, and we have no doubt but that this pastor has thus made even "whittling" a means of grace.

Present Day Church Problems.

Conducted by F. M. Barton.

Discussions in this issue: "Religious Life of Men," by H. E. Dodge; "Card-Index System," by J. G. Hale; "Church Attendance in Hot Weather," R. C. Wuestenberg.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF MEN.

A Study of Their Conditions and Needs.

By H. E. Dodge.

Note.—Why do the women outnumber the men in your congregations? Would you attract men? If so, you will be interested in some studies on the above subject. First actual conditions will be shown, then remedies suggested.

Let this be as it may, we can not get around greatest problems that "we as workers together with God" are facing today. Secular and religious papers are nearly unanimous in their declarations that the attendance of men upon religious services is constantly decreasing, while on the other hand one of the secretaries of the Church Statistical Society declares that the attendance at church services of men is on the increase.

Let this be as it may, we can not get around the fact that there are large numbers of men who only occasionally attend church, and of a still vaster number who never darken the doors of any church.

Then again there are certain classes of religious leaders today who pose as optimists, and are continually stating that conditions religiously everywhere are growing better and that we are rapidly verging toward the millennium. There is another class of religious leaders which is steadily increasing in number who are proclaiming that "evil men and seducers are waxing worse and worse" that men today "have a form of Godliness, but are denying the power thereof,"—that men today are changing their habits, but their hearts are still unchanged,—that men are changing their names while their natures remain the same.

No matter with which class of leaders we may agree, the cold fact still stares us in the face, that there are multitudes of men who have never "been born again," and large numbers of men in the Church of Jesus Christ "who have a name that they are alive and yet are dead."

Personally, I believe that if today we could get at the real heart conditions of men outside and inside the church, we would be appalled at the results of our investigations.

Warren, Pa., has a population, according to the last census of 1900 of 8,042, it has eleven Protestant churches, four of which are small Swedish churches, and one Catholic church. It also has a Young Men's Christian Association, and five public schools.

In enumerating the forces of evil we note that there are thirteen saloons, three wholesale liquor stores, four billiard rooms, five clubs, five gambling joints (by this I mean that there are five places which run with more or less regularity and yet are not open and above board in their nefarious work,—there are still a number of more places where a person has got one dollar or a hundred dollars to lose he can be accommodated and

at the end he will have the experience and the other fellow will have the money). There are two houses of ill-fame that are run wide open, besides places where young men and bad women can go to gratify their several desires. We also note that there are five drug stores, and while at first thought one would not count these places as forces of evil, yet Warren has a reputation which is borne out by the facts that it is one of the worst "dope" towns in the country. These drugs, of course, must be purchased at drug stores.

Let us now look at the church membership of this community. It has a Protestant population of 6,500. A very conservative estimate would place the number of younger men (from 16 to 30 years of age) at 980, while the older men would number approximately 1,470.

We sent out letters to all of the pastors of the eleven Protestant churches and received replies from nine of the eleven.

These nine churches report 361 men between 16 and 30 years of age as church members, and 576 over 30 years of age, making total of 937 men of all ages as members of these churches. The two churches not reporting were very small Swedish churches, which would increase this number but very little.

The Sunday schools report 184 young men between 16 and 30, and 121 men over 30 years of age, making a total of 305 men enrolled in Sunday school.

The pastors of these churches report 106 different men doing active Christian work, such as teaching Sunday school classes, leading Young People's meetings, holding office in some one branch of the church work.

During the week beginning May 2, we made a careful record of church attendance with the following results. Men were selected to count the attendance at church, Sunday school, Young People's meeting and prayer meeting and reported as follows:

The attendance at nine churches for the morning service was 166 younger men and 318 older men, making a total of 474 men at the morning service. At the evening service there were 194 young men, and 237 older men, making a total of 431 men at the evening service, or a total of 905 men at the morning and evening services in nine of our churches.

That same day at the Sunday schools there were 107 younger men in attendance and eighty-eight older men, making a total of 195 men in all.

Five churches report an attendance of twenty-seven younger men at their Young People's meetings and twenty-four older men, making fifty-one in all. Four of these churches did not hold Young People's meeting that evening.

The attendance at prayer meetings in seven of the churches that week was forty-two younger men and seventy-five older men, or a total of 117 men in all.

Adding together the attendance of all reported church services for the week, makes an aggregate of 1,268. To this might be added the attendance at the different meetings conducted by the association, viz.:

Three Bible classes on Sunday of 135, five Bible study classes with an attendance of 28, and six shop classes with an attendance of 371, making a total attendance at the religious meetings of the association of 531.

The regular men's meetings closed on April 27, and if we had made the investigation a week earlier, the total attendance at the association meetings would have been 797.

Adding the attendance at church services with the attendance at the association meetings gives a total of 1,799 for the week.

While this may seem large to some when you consider the size of our town, yet when we place against that the actual record of one hour and a half's work of the places that make for the downfall of men we surely will be led to do some very serious thinking with reference to our work.

On Wednesday evening during the week of recorded church attendance, there were 117 men of all ages in seven prayer meetings, while at this same hour (seven-fifteen to eight forty-five) there were 1,087 visits to thirteen saloons, ninety to three wholesale liquor stores, and 186 at four billiard parlors, making 1,236 visits in all.

On Saturday evening 457 men attended the theater, which makes a total attendance of 1,720 for one night against 1,799 at religious services for a whole week.

In addition to this investigation we sent out letters to a large number of men, asking certain questions with reference to themselves with the thought of getting at the exact condition religiously of the men of our community, if such a thing were possible. Eighty-four different men replied to our letters with the following answers:

In answer to the question where do you spend your leisure hours 56% reported at home, 14% in saloons, billiard rooms and street corners, 5% at the Y. M. C. A., others, wheeling, doing Christian work, society and sleeping.

In answer to the question what amusement appeals to you most, 43% reported outdoor sports, 10% cards, 26% theaters, 2% dancing, 9% billiards and pool, 12% entertainments. One man reported he had no time for amusements and had never seen a ball game in his life, another the Passion Play and all other sports, while another found his amusement in licking a man smaller than himself.

In answer to the question how much time do you spend in reading, 9% reported that they spent one hour each week in reading, 11% two hours, 10% three hours, 5% four hours, 9% five hours, 8% six hours, 8% ten hours, 8% twelve hours. While one man reported that he spent twenty hours each week in reading, and three men spent thirty hours.

Ninety per cent of the men reported that their mothers were church members, 71% that their fathers were church members, 71% that both father and mother were members of a church, while 60% reported that they were church members, 9% reported that neither themselves, father or mother were members of a church.

(Concluded in October.)

HOW TO GET THE CROWD TO CHURCH IN HOT WEATHER.

By R. C. Wuestenberg.

I trust what I have to say will be of value to your many clerical readers. I am sure I should have been grateful to any one who would have let me into the secrets of how to hold an audience in hot weather. There are ill informed among the laity as well as the clergy who will sing the sophistry. "Give the people the gospel, pure and simple, and they will crowd your church summer and winter." I think I voice the sentiments of a majority of God's servants when I say we are giving the people the pure gospel. If the people were "hungering and thirsting for the gospel of righteousness," they could be filled by listening to sermons in our largest churches as well as in the "little church around the corner."

I use, then, as my aid a double stereopticon lantern. My views are the very best, and are well selected. I claim that no sermon can be more effective or impressive than one coming from a man filled with the Holy Spirit aided by a stereopticon and wisely selected views.

The advantages derived from this novel way of preaching are manifest. First, the heat from the lighting of the church (especially if gas is used). We have about one hundred gas jets, which, when lighted, make a fearful heat. We do not object to this heat in cool weather, of course, but when the temperature is up in the nineties this gas heat makes the church very uncomfortable. By using the lantern we do away with all this heat, because we need a dark church. Second, we save all the expense of gas we otherwise burn at an ordinary service, which is no small sum. Third, we dispense with the choir who need and appreciate the rest. Fourth, the regular offerings are greatly augmented, because we ask the audience to assist in meeting the extra expense of the lantern. It would naturally be larger because our audience is three or four times as large as it otherwise would be. This last advantage is greatly appreciated by the stewards. Last year our offerings more than paid for the extra expense. The results are: First, a cool church on account of no gas burning to make it hot. Second, a crowded church. Third, a splendid opportunity to preach the gospel by word pictures, aided by lantern pictures, which truly is a strong combination. Fourth, attracting to our church a large number of strangers, who coming once will not miss one of the series. This constant attendance for two months gets them acquainted with us and our people.

But you question: Can this service be conducted at moderate expense? The answer comes quick and clear in the affirmative. You can get a good single lantern for twenty-five dollars. But to give the best satisfaction the best lantern is always the cheapest. My lantern is the very best the market can produce. It is the double Imperial, made by McIntosh, of Chicago, Ill. You can get a catalogue from him by asking.

I operate my own lantern. I find it is the

cheapest and the most satisfactory. I thus make the pictures go with my sermon as smoothly as though the two were made together.

The subjects I am presenting this season are as follows: July 6, "Palestine, Ancient and Modern"; July 13, "The Life and Times of Jesus," from his birth to about the middle of His Ministry; July 20, "The Life and Times of Jesus," from the middle of His ministry to ascension; July 27, "Lessons from Inteinterprance" (some of these views are actual photographs taken in the saloons of this city); August 3, "Song Service" (I have a special choir sing familiar hymns, while I put upon the screen the picture of what they are singing. This is a wonderfully impressive service); August 10, "Life and Times of Martin Luther and the Reformation"; August 17, "Life and Times of John Wesley and the Rise of Methodism"; August 24, "Lessons from the Old Testament"; August 31, "Missionary Service." These views can all be rented at a reasonable price. One can have an almost exhaustless store from which to choose.

I have tried this kind of a hot season service for ten years more or less every year, and I fail as yet to find one objection to it. It is impressive. It preaches the gospel effectively. It brings the people out in large numbers. It leaves a profound impression (one man, not a Christian, said, after seeing the life of Christ presented, I feel as though I had actually been living with Christ during his three years of ministry). My church is taxed to the utmost to accommodate the crowds. What more could you ask? Try it.

168 Quincy street, Cleveland, O.

THE CARD SYSTEM IN THE CHURCH.

By J. G. Hale.

For those entirely unacquainted with what is known in the commercial world as the card system of indexing, filing and record keeping, a word descriptive of the system may first be serviceable. As the name implies, the underlying principle is the use of detached cards in place of the bound volume. These cards are of two general styles, known as "record" and "guide" cards. The former is an ordinary rectangular card, usually 3x5 inches, and on which is kept the desired record, the card itself being printed in such form as to most conveniently receive the matter to be recorded. The guide card differs in shape from the record card in that it has a projecting tab on the upper edge. Both cards are kept upright in a receptacle arranged for the purpose, the projecting tabs of the guide cards being labeled, and serving as an index; the record cards being filed behind them in proper order. By placing guide cards with the desired headings, any conceivable classification or indexing is readily obtained. The adaptability of the system to any purpose, the greater convenience, the ease of revision, the elimination of all dead matter, and the far greater simplicity, have brought the card system into general use with surprising rapidity.

Like the Y. M. C. A. and the bank, the church is an exceptionally fit subject for the

card system, and for the same reasons. It is impossible to keep an orderly book roll of the Sunday school membership. Constant deductions and additions must be made as the membership changes, necessitating unsightly erasures or the entry of new names in irregular order, it being practically impossible to leave blank space in a book index so that it will be filled evenly. With the card system, a card is filled out as each new member is received, and is dropped into its proper alphabetic location. There is no such thing as an imperfect or irregular indexing. When a member withdraws his card is removed; there are no erasures or "dead" names carried on the roll. The church clerk who has struggled with this problem will appreciate the value of the card system, while the average Sunday school director does not attempt to cope with it. But this is not all; on the membership card there is ample space to record valuable data, so that like cards may become not only a correct roll, but a history of the congregation as well.

The working pastor who is not making daily use of the card system is depriving himself of a pastor's assistant. With a small card-index tray on his desk, a few guide cards and a few record cards, he can obtain surprising results. With a set of alphabetic guides he can have an indexed enrollment of his entire congregation, with a detailed record of such items in connection with each member as will aid him in his pastoral work. A set of guide cards labeled after the streets of his parish will make a most convenient calling list, filing under each street cards bearing the names of his parishioners and such other residents as he may wish to include in his calls.

These cards may also indicate the last call made. Cards used as a subject or topical index, for seed thoughts, or for special passages or texts and notes thereon, will be found serviceable. Used as an index to the months and days, it affords a convenient way of keeping track of the next business session, the coming wedding, the meeting down town, or the thousand and one other appointments which befog the busy pastor's memory.

With a set of guides labeled for the various committees and executive bodies of the church, he need not be in ignorance as to the constituency of these bodies, and any changes in the personnel are readily recorded by the addition or removal of the proper cards. Here again is a valuable feature for the church clerk, whose struggle with changing committees adds to the struggle with changing membership.

The treasurer may also use to advantage the card system. Where the envelope plan is used a numerical card index has advantages over the book form of recording weekly payments, in that every contributor's number is before the eye at once, avoiding the turning of pages. Such an index being permanent, is cheaper to use than a book record, which has to be frequently if not annually renewed. The use of ledger-ruled record cards in connection with a set of alphabetic guide cards, makes a most convenient form of ledger or cash account.

Sermon Department.

MAN, WHAT A CHANCE!

BY RALPH CONNOR, AUTHOR OF "BLACK ROCK."

Reported for Current Anecdotes, revised by the author and copyrighted by the F. H. Revell Co.

"And Jesus, looking upon him, loved him, and said unto him, 'One thing thou lackest.'"

They were standing out in the open country, just where the road dropped off from the village, these two young men, face to face. There was distinction about both of them; the one, a great question in his heart and in his face and attitude, and the other offering a great opportunity. The one was rich and well bred and well dressed and carried in his face those unmistakable marks of blood and breeding and of culture and refinement and clean living. The other was a man great and strong, a man of the open air, no delicate face, no soft, well nurtured face, but a face of strength, with lines in it that men love to see in the face of the man they would follow; the face of a man that had a great heart full of love, but the face of a man of relentless purpose and indomitable conviction; strong, patient, gentle, and overflowing with love.

The rich young gentleman has a history which I will tell you. He had been brought up in a wealthy Jewish family. He had had a good mother—and I know this is true—who had trained him most carefully from the day the little lad could run about the house, out of the door, where with his fingers he touched the Holy Name as he passed; and in again, and about his mother's knees. He had been trained in the old prophets and in that splendid history of that splendid people that have done most for this world in that they have kept men's faces up to God. I do not know when his mother died, but he was left alone, a young man come into his patrimony, and for some years he lived a pure, clean, strong, beautiful life. But through these years of his growing manhood he carried in his heart an unanswered question. His ambition was this: he would be a man on whose character no man could find a spot; and more than that, a man who could look up to God and say "I am righteous." But like many another man with this noble purpose in his heart, he always knew that he had still something to reach before he could feel that he had attained. I say all the great men have felt like that. Not the sinners feel defect, but the great and good,—men like Paul, who set himself to live the high life, and who, because he lived a high life, knew that he had not quite done the best; men like the great St. Francis, who carried with him ever, as he went through the northern plains and mountains of Italy, the sense of his own incompleteness; men like Luther, who, strive as he might, by day and by night, by prayers and struggles and studyings, by flagellations and self-denials, yet felt that there was something still lacking; like all of you men who have tried to live the good life and have found at the summit of your endeavor a still further peak. It is a noble thing to have this question in the heart, to have it pursue you, to have it meet you when you come from business, to have it rest with you at night and wake with you in the morning. Thank God, my brother, if you have this great question with you, following you, disturbing you.

The young man was about giving the thing up when he heard of the new teacher. He walked down to the market-place and stood there somewhat apart from the common crowd, for he belonged to the Pharisees and he could not soil himself by contact with common men. I see him standing there looking across the crowded market-place, listening to this wonderful voice that rang over the people; to that wonderful sermon. What words this preacher had! What themes were His! Not the old dry-as-dust themes of the other teachers, but from His lips flowed such words as these—LIFE, LIFE, THE FATHER IN HEAVEN, THE PURE HEART, REST. These things caught him and held him riveted with his face toward the preacher. As he gazed and listened he saw the crowd part, and the mothers, the insistent, foolish mothers, God bless them always, these mothers bringing their babies right to the Master that they might be blessed; with that fond, proud faith that mothers have that their babies are worthy of the blessing even of God Himself. And men, the disciples, good, honest, stupid fellows, got round Him and pushed back the mothers, for they would save the Master from intrusion; but He drove them back, and there flashed in His face that fire of indignation that seldom was found there, and He said to these men, Suffer the little children to come unto me; and the young man was looking on, and I fancy he said to himself, "That's my man, He will know." because the man who loves children, and can still talk on great themes, shows that not only his head is great and clear, but that his heart is big; and after all, a man's size is the size of his heart. And the young man would have gone then and there right through that crowd and asked Him his question had it not been that they were a common lot. So he went home instead, and he tried to spend his evening as a gentleman might spend an evening in all those joys that luxury and refinement of that home could give him. But he could not eat his evening meal, and the daughters of music brought to him no joy, and his couch was to him as a place of thorns. Next morning when he woke and went

out into the garden he was still with a fever upon him of a question, important to him, O how important! the answer to which he had been so near and yet had missed. He looked out of the gate and up the road. Sure enough, there they were! there they were! and they were going, the Man was going away! He girt his robes about him and tucked them under the girdle and fled up the road like a common man, and down in the dust at the great Man's feet, and said, "Good Master, what shall I do that I may have eternal life?" And Jesus lifted him up and treated him like a man. That is what I like about Christ. He treats us like men. He treats us like gentlemen. He treats us like brothers. He took the young man up and talked to him about his difficulty and made to him His great offer.

There is a word in this story here without which much of its glorious color would be lost. You know in telling a story, certain words are put in to give color. Let one man tell it and he gives you all the facts, and it is dull to you. Another man takes facts, and by the touch of a single word the whole thing shines. What is the shining word here? You all guess it. "Jesus looking upon him, loved him." I am glad it is there, because I fear otherwise we should have been hard upon him. He is so grand in his fine robes; so superior to the common men about the Master; so sure of his stainless record. But Jesus looking upon the young gentleman loved him. And he teaches us all this lesson—O how stupid we ministers are—this lesson, that the rich and the cultured have need of the Savior and His love and pity as much as your submerged tenth. "Looking upon the young man, loved him." Good Savior! we thank Thee for that word.

Then He made him His great offer. What did He offer him? This first. A strange thing, too! He offered him a cross. He said to the young man, It is true you lack one thing. I will tell you how you can get it. He laid out before him the cross with its extended arms. He laid upon him that terrible heart-breaking load of renunciation. I wonder why! Did you ever think, you Christian people, why it is that there is so much cross in your religion? Did you ever think why it is that Jesus always put that to men first? I am afraid we who do try to speak for Jesus, speak mostly of the good things to men; and we try to buy your allegiance to God by offering you better things than you can get in the world. You have got your homes—we offer you a better; you have got your joys—we offer you higher and more lasting joys. It was not the way Jesus did. We are right in offering these things to you, but we put them in the wrong place. What Jesus said to men when they came eagerly offering themselves to Him, was this: "Wait a moment, think what you do." A young man came to Him earnest, enthusiastic, and said, "Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest;" and Jesus said, I am sleeping out in the mountain side tonight with the wild things there. If you follow me you must follow a homeless man. So He put this to the young man because it was true. He would have the young man understand that if he was going to reach his best and come and company with Him, and seek the thing that made for perfection, then he must be prepared to live and to walk as He lived and walked and to be as He was, a poor, landless, homeless man.

Now do we wonder why He said to him, "Sell all that thou hast"? Has Jesus a quarrel with money? Has Jesus a quarrel against you rich men?—there are many of you here. Has Jesus a quarrel against the making of money? You know you are all after it. Has Jesus set Himself in opposition to this, the making of money? Why, Jesus wasn't a barbarian; Jesus wasn't a savage. He was a civilized man, and none knew better than He that wealth and the getting and making of wealth is perhaps the one thing that distinguishes the savage, either the savage in the forest or the savage in the slum, from the man who represents civilization. God has no quarrel with men who make much of God's gifts, gifts of brain, gifts of His providing in the world. He has no quarrel with wealth. It was not because Jesus hated rich men or because He hated riches that He said to the young man, "Be poor." Why did He say, "Be poor"? That is an important question. Tonight there are young men here who would follow Jesus if they could be wealthy. Why does Jesus demand of you, young men, that you must be poor? For that same demand is made of you tonight. Oh, let us not make differences between the centuries. There is no difference. There is no difference in the great Savior, and the human heart is the same, and the old world is the same, and Jesus Christ makes the same identical demand of us. Sell what you have got. Be poor. Come to me swept bare of everything that makes your wealth. I wonder why? Well, I have told you, first of all, because the life He invites you to is the life of a poor man. Why, look at Him! What would a rich man do after Jesus? What would a rich man do in the company of this poor man? How would he look with his fine raiment walking by Peter in his fisherman's garb, or the rest of these humble men with their hard, common hands? What would he look like? How would he feel, and how would they feel? There was necessity in it that he must come as a poor man. Then think a moment. How could he attend to his wealth and follow Jesus through His work? The man that follows Jesus must be a good walker. He must walk far and fast. Hills must not stop him, nor valleys never so deep. Light and dark, rain and shine, must not make men pause who follow Jesus. And the load

of wealth would bear him down to earth, and he would have to camp by the wayside while his Master took the trail.

What is exactly now the demand that is made by the Savior today? Supposing a young fellow wants to follow, what is the demand? It is this: when Jesus wants a man, mark you, He wants all of him. A man with heart free for Him; a man with a man's love going to Him; a man and a man's life; a man that will not think of anything else when he is following Jesus. Have as much money as you like. Have all ambitions that you like and that you can keep in your heart. But Jesus wants you, and if you give Him not yourself, your whole heart, and if you consider not all that you have His to be administered for Him, to be freely laid aside at His bidding, you can't follow Him. Make up your mind to that.

Now, He offered him secondly, a career. "Come," He said, "sell what you have got, that well appointed house in town, all those fine gardens and orchards and vineyards, all those estates, sell them, give the money to the poor," and here it is, "Come, follow Me." How clear it was. No doubt about what He meant. What a great thing to the young man to have the thing clearly set before him! How important to all of us to know just exactly what we ought to do! How important to a young man! You always say to the small boy who is getting through school, "Well, my boy, what are you going to be?" And the boy looks foolish and doesn't know. But he is thinking of it. His father is thinking of it, and his mother when his father forgets and when the boy forgets, and they are all anxious about what the boy is going to be. What is he going to do? He has only one life, one try. Oh, an awful thing if he gives it to the wrong thing, and should discover at the end of his life that he has made a great, ghastly mistake! Jesus saves the young man from that dilemma and offers him a career, something to do, something to be, the doing of which and the being of which will realize what is in a young man's heart to hope and dream about. What was that career? It is hidden in these words, "Follow Me." It is hidden somewhere there, and you should notice—all you who know your Bibles, and you all should here—that there is a very frequent word on the lips of Jesus. He had a great trick of saying to men, "Follow Me." He found a man counting his money, his taxes, and he said to him, "Matthew, follow Me." He found a man fishing, and He said, "Peter, follow Me." He found a young man standing by the wayside, and He said to him, "Philip, follow Me." Wherever He went, He had the knack and trick of drawing men after Him, as if that were enough, as if that were all. So it is. And He was right when He said to the young man, "Here is your life, here is your career, follow Me." What difference would it make to follow Him particularly? What was He going to do? Where was He going? Up over the hill into the next village. What was He going to do when He got there? Have you seen that picture of Tissot? Why, it is hard to look at it. When I saw it first a lump came into my throat, and as I think of it now I find it hard to speak. That picture that shows the pilgrimage of Jesus through the land. On this side there come to meet Him the poor blind people, and the lame and the miserable, the deformed and wretched; but when they get past Him they are all erect, strong, singing, glad. So He was going down into the next village to heal a man, to bring light to dark eyes, to bring the oil of joy for mourning, to open prison doors where men had lived, where men had been dying all their lives, to bring wherever He went benediction, healing, hope. "Come!" He says to the young man, "Follow Me." Is it worth while? What are you going to do? Are you going to pass by all that? Have you no concern, young man, for this world for which God gave Himself? Have you no concern for all the men in the world, the women in the world, the little children in the world, who need God and need this Savior? Are you concerned only about yourself, about your success, about your being big, or happy, or at ease? Oh, you mean man! You are not going to live for that, surely. You are not going to live for yourself surely, not in this world of sinful, sorrowing, broken-hearted people. "Follow Me," says Jesus. "I will bring you where there is work to do that will make your heart fill with pity and with joy. Come with Me, come with Me to the broken-hearted people, come with Me to the defeated army of mankind, come where the men are who are struggling up under the awful burden of sin and temptation." Oh, you safe young men, in your safe Christian homes, with your godly fathers and mothers, and your churches and Sabbath schools about you, and your Christian atmosphere that makes it hard for you to be bad. I think of you; I fear for your judgment day, when I think of the men out in the other places where there are no homes, where fathers and mothers and all holy things are not. I think of those others, and I wonder at men who consider it not worth while or noble enough to follow Jesus. Where is He going, and what else is He going to do? I will tell you. If you will watch Him, He is going up there to Jerusalem; He is going to stand in the midst of the crowd, of the greatest and wisest and richest men of His country, entrenched behind all their traditions and enclosed with all the safeguards of the honor and respect of a nation. And He is going to tell them to their faces that they are hypocrites and thieves and robbers, and He is going to drive them out of His church. That is the kind of man to follow. A fighting man. Come, young men. Jesus does not want you to be a soft goody-goody. That "Come!" of Jesus is like a trumpet calling to battle. Are

you fit for it? "Come, young men, follow Me," says Jesus. Look at the evil about you. Look in your city here. Look at it intrenched behind these great ramparts of capital. What are you going to do about it? Jesus is leading on those who are fleet to follow, to make for these things, because these things mean the ruin of men He loves. Jesus asks you to swing in behind. "Come!" says He to the young man; the delicate, cultured young gentleman; "Come," says He, "follow Me; follow Me into this fight." He offered him a career. Was it not worth while? Oh, if he had only seen it! He offers you a career. Is it worth while? Yes, and you see it. Thank God, you see it. You see it now. You know it is worth while. You know the best men you have ever seen are in it; the men of the past that have made this world a glorious place, are the men who are in it. The good are in it. The world in its best moments is pouring its love at the feet of those who are following Him and fighting.

What else? Well, He offers him this; not only a cross and a career, but He offers him a character. For He said, "If thou wilt be perfect, if you are bound to be a good man, if you are bound to build up the imperfections of your character, root out the unclean things, the ignoble things, the things unworthy of a man." He offered him a character. "Come," He said, "and follow Me. I will make you perfect." Well, there is nothing better. I am glad He did not offer him heaven as the only thing. I am glad He did not say, "Now come, and I will bring you to heaven and to God." Why, what would bad men do in heaven? What would I do in heaven with my heart? What would I do in heaven with the thoughts I carry with me sometimes? What would I do there? Wouldn't I scurry out? Wouldn't I be afraid of that company? Why, when I think of the greatest men I have known, when I think of the best soul I have ever known—and I have known the best in the world—when I think of that height of perfection I feel myself mean, low, poor, imperfect. And Jesus says to me, "If you want to attain, come and follow Me." If that doesn't reach your blood, there is no man left in you. My dear friends, isn't this true, that the great effort of humanity is to make men great and good? After all, isn't that at the back of your endeavors? And don't we all try to reach the point where men will think we are good? Isn't, after all, character the thing we are after? We sometimes confuse the aims, but we know in our hearts that unless we are good men it does not matter much whether we are rich or not.

Now, my brethren, young men, may I remind you of the great love that went with that offer? There is nothing dearer in the world to Jesus than a young man. This is what Jesus Christ offers you. He offers you a cross. Yes, it is true. He does not want soft men to follow Him; He does not want men who live for their clothes to follow Him; He does not want men who won't be comfortable unless they are well dressed; He does not want men who cannot suffer and who are afraid of danger. He wants men who will be ready to face the thing that is wrong and fight it until it is down. He wants men who will love the thing that is good and pure and follow it until it is won. More than that, He wants men who will carry with them what all big men carry.—hearts of compassion for the world; hearts of compassion for those who are just being lost, disappearing out of sight in this awful chaos of sin and sorrow; hearts not of selfish love. He does not want men who will be content to live shutting out the cries of the dying, the cries of the miserable and wretched. No, but men who in the midst of all the sweetest sounds of earth will still hear, as God hears always, as Jesus Christ always heard, that deep beating undertone of a world's sorrow and sin. And, best of all, He offers likeness to Himself. That is what Jesus Christ offers to you. A cross, a career, and a character.

Now, it is long past my time for stopping. But just think of it. The young fellow went back. And Jesus stood and looked down the road after him, and with His eyes running over with love He followed him into the gate until he disappeared. And we have never seen him since. We have seen the others; we have had our eye upon the others ever since. We know them; they are our great big brothers. They have led the world up to greatness, up to goodness, up to God; but the young man was out of it all. He went home and he threw himself upon his couch, but do you think he could rest? I know well the daughters of music that night could bring him no heart's delight. Not all the world could do that for him; for he knew when he got home that though he had his wealth about him, though he had his home and his comforts and his ease and his estates, he had lost touch of the best man he had ever seen; that he had lost the only light that had ever come to him all these years. Wasn't it sad? And O, my brother, don't you turn away from Christ. You may go back into your rich home, into your great, successful, busy life, but you will go back to a sad heart, you will go back to a great unrest, you will go back to meanness and steady degradation, for the pressure of sin is such in this world, unless you have got God's grip on you through Jesus Christ, you will not long bear up under it.

I beg you, do not turn away. I beg you, young man, do not be afraid of the cross. It is all right. The great men have borne it, and it is not bad, after all. I beg you, young man, do not let the fear of the cross spoil your career. And I beg of you, do not be content with anything short of being yourself good and worthy of your manhood and worthy of your God.

THE COMING REVIVAL.

JOHN 8:16.

BY ANDREW MURRAY.

The word whosoever has generally been considered the key to enter into possession of the riches of this wonderful text. To thousands that word has given the courage to say—whosoever! that includes me—the love, and the Son, and the life—they are all for me. And many an earnest worker has, in pleading with or for the most hopeless case, found his strength in the confidence—whosoever, cannot mean anything but everyone. There is not one excluded; to each one I dare say the love, and the Son, and the life, are for thee.

This is the individual aspect of the word. But just this includes a wider one, its universal aspect. It says of every child of man who belongs to this world, that the love and the life are for him. And the word calls us, who say we believe it, not only in faith to use it with every soul whom we meet needing help, but to allow it to exert its full force on us in all its Divine largeness, as it proclaims the right every creature has to the love and life of God's Son. Not till every thought of that love be linked in our heart inseparably with the blessed truth; that love belongs to all! do we really begin to understand it. As we wait for the Holy Spirit to reveal in us how that love longs to get possession of all for whom it was meant, we shall find in that whosoever a mighty plea for a life wholly giving itself up to be filled with that love, and to find its only joy and glory in living for what God lives for—to love and save the world.

Yes, we have too exclusively used this word in its application to individuals, as a plea for them to come and accept Christ and eternal life. God meant that, in its fulness of meaning, it should be a plea with His redeemed ones, who do indeed see its meaning and believe its truth, to look upon every fellow creature as one of this whosoever multitude, and not to rest till each one knows of the love in which they have a share.

This thought leads us up to some of the great mysteries of redemption. There is the partnership in the revelation of God's love into which Christ has taken up His people; His having made Himself dependent upon them for the continuation and completion of His work; and—greatest mystery of all—their terrible unfaithfulness to this their holy calling. Near nineteen centuries have elapsed since He spoke the glorious word combining precept and privilege: the gospel to every creature. And lo! two-thirds of the human race have never heard of Him. And of the remaining third more than the half lives practically in ignorance of the wonderful love and life. He revealed to us, that we might impart it to others, might bring it to all. From God's heaven that whosoever, like the sun in its unlimited and unstinted glory, shines down on every soul dying in darkness. To us is given the honor, as those to whom the love has been committed, who live in the enjoyment of its power and blessing, of having fellowship with Him who spake the great whosoever, and, like Him, of living and dying to make it known. And the most of us have been content to accept the word for ourselves, and to confine the love to our own selfish hearts. And the best of us have, oh! so little, yearned and pleaded and sacrificed, that we might know nothing but this love, that our heart and life might ever be overflowing with it for others to drink.

SAVED FROM EASE.

If a revival is to come, greater, deeper, broader than any that has yet been, one great part of its power will be in the conviction it will bring of the sin and shame of all the carnal ease, and comfort, and self indulgence in which we have been living, while the dying, perishing world which had been given into our charge was waiting for us, and the infinite love that had entrusted itself to us, was mourning that we were so slow to go and tell of it. The conviction of sin must be greater, deeper, broader than we have known it. Judgment will have to begin at the house of God. The great deep will have to be broken up. The formality and the worldliness, the selfishness and self-confidence and self-complacency of much of our religion will have to be revealed in the light of the actual life, and worship, and devotion, and self-sacrifice in the power of God to the world given into our heart for the one purpose of communicating it, and then having congratulated ourselves on the small gifts of silver or gold for which we sought to commute our personal service, will become to us such a burning thing, that our penitent confession and our cry for pardon and deliverance will work an entire revolution. We shall indeed yield ourselves and wait for the Holy Spirit to work the life of Christ Jesus in us, that, even as He, each of us in our measure may live exclusively for the glory of God in the salvation of souls.

The sin of this neglect in the church of God, in not accepting and proclaiming this great whosoever of God's love, in not living to make God's love known, has had and is having such appalling consequences, that even Christians fail to realize what is meant. We are told that there are thirty millions of heathen every year passing away into utter darkness. We count up the years and think how this has been going on through the ages since Christ gave the great command to His church as its watchword. The mind refuses to take it in. It is as if this wonderful love of God

might have interfered, might have done more. It looks as if it is too awful to put upon the church, upon us the Christians of today, too, the burden and the guilt of these perishing multitudes. And yet it is so. The eternal love gave the Son to reveal it on earth. The Son committed it to His disciples, to His body, the church, with charge as plain as words can make it, to carry that love to every creature, to all nations, to the ends of the earth. That was the one thing the church was sent for into the world, even as He had been sent, and for nothing else. It is owing to nothing but selfishness, and unfaithfulness, and neglect on the part of the church, that this holy mission has so little been accomplished. More than one has said: We have been playing at missions. And yet how we congratulate ourselves on all the wakened missionary interest. And all the while the number of believers who really follow in the footsteps of Christ, and count it their joy to give their whole heart and strength, to live and die, whether it be in prayer or work, for the Glory of God in the salvation of souls, is oh! so small.

Nothing can effect a change in this but a revival of a type we have not yet known. A revival that will, by the Divine power of the Holy Spirit, open the eyes of believers to see how very wrong and low their conceptions have been of the life that God actually wants them to live. A revival that will make the last great command of Christ live in the heart of every true disciple. A revival that will shake and lift our churches, and separate to an unselfish and unworldly life all who are willing to live wholly for God. A revival that will bind together the whole church in an enthusiasm for Christ and His Kingdom. A revival in which the true following and imitation of Christ, in His living exclusively to bring the love of God to perishing men, will be the mark of the normal Christian life.

The question will be asked, and it is most needful and natural that it should be asked: How is it, if God really meant His children thus to bring His love to their fellowmen in the way Christ brought it, by living and dying for it, how is it that the church has failed so terribly? Does God's word actually teach and claim such entire devotion? Is it indeed an attainable degree of grace, a state that can actually be realized? Or must we not take into account the weakness of human nature, and consider the present state of the church as about all that could really be expected? We must indeed take into account the weakness of human nature. But only in a much greater degree than is usually done. It must be seen that the human weakness is such utter impotence that it makes the life of God on earth an utter impossibility except as the supernatural power of the working of God's Spirit is waited on and experienced. And if the question be again asked how it is, if the declarations of God's word are so plain, that this power of God's Spirit is not more sought and known, the answer leads us again to what we have called the root of the evil of the low state of the church. It is because God's wonderful commands and promises are all understood and accepted in a certain human sense, and not in their Divine quickening meaning and power.

Let us turn to our text again, and see what a difference it would make if God's Spirit really revealed to us its Divine meaning. Look at the three great mysteries the words speak of—a perishing world, a loving God, a life-giving Christ.

Just pause and think of a Christian, of yourself, asking God earnestly, perseveringly, believably, to open his eyes, and give him a vision of the perishing world, and then setting one's self in the light of God and eternity to seek a due impression of its state. You might begin with numbers. It is known that at least 100,000 souls pass out of the darkness of heathenism into the darker eternity every day. That means more than one every second. While we are enjoying ourselves, there they drop, moment by moment, over the precipice, in utter ignorance of God and His love. And there are of such in the world a thousand millions, all living and dying in this darkness. Our text says "that whosoever believeth might not perish"! Without Christ they must perish. Think of all the inconceivable sin and wretchedness the life on earth implies, and then of all the hopelessness for the world to come. Read some missionary book, giving an account of some special mission field, with definite statements as to the need, and say to God you really want to know the world in which you are placed, of which you are part, for which you are to live.*

Or think of what Scripture says of the god of this world, of the terrible power that absolutely possesses and rules these souls, and holds them in darkness and misery, and find out wherein the power and awfulness of heathenism consists. Or look nearer home, to the ungodly masses in every Christian country. Take time to consider the state of the unconverted you know, the friends you love, the people you deal with, the thousand faces that are familiar, and regard them all as making up the perishing world, in the midst of which you are to be a shining light, a streaming fountain of life. And you will begin to see that it needs time, and trouble, and heart,

*I know of no better book to recommend than Miss Lucy Guinness' *Across India at the Dawn of the 20th Century*. If anyone will not only look at, but study, and pray over, and ask for the light of God's Spirit to shine on the facts as to the millions of India, and the utterly, I had almost said, ridiculously inadequate provision the church of Christ has made for them I think he will get a glimpse of what the word world must mean to God, and ought to mean to us. Unless we study the world thus and take its condition in, we cannot possibly know God's love to it, or our calling.—Published by the Revell Co., Chicago.

and prayer to take in the Divine meaning of the word world, and that other word whosoever which is its only hope.

Then think of the loving God. This world He made for Himself, to be His joy and His glory. Its sin is to Him such a grief that He almost repented having made it. The suffering and wretchedness of His creatures are to Him such a sorrow that there is nothing He can do, consistent with leaving to them the freewill and the power of self-determination with which He had endowed them as part of His own image, which He would not do. He proved it by giving His own Son. In a love which passeth knowledge, a love of which our conceptions are so utterly inadequate—alas! that we feel so satisfied with them—His heart flows out in unceasing compassion and yearning to save and to bless. On every one of these perishing millions the love of God is resting. The mind cannot take it in, but the Holy Spirit could enable the heart to know it if we would only give ourselves to wait on God for this love to fill us.

The love of God has proved itself in the gift of the Son, of Himself. In sending Christ to become man God proved that He longed to have man one with Himself, that all His life and love as God was for man, that man might be made a partaker of the Divine nature. And the wonderful, the blessed whosoever of our text says that that love is for every creature. The lowest, the most degraded and rejected and utterly hopeless—the love is for him, the love longs for him and is able to triumph over him. Jesus Christ came into the world for the one sole purpose of revealing this love. He spoke of it, He lived for it, He died to bring it to us. It was His one aim, His only glory, the passion and strength of His life. It was His very life; it possessed Him, and He knew no other joy. And as He prayed "that the love wherewith Thou hast loved me may be in them," He meant His disciples, just as much as Himself, to have it in them, to live for it, to find their glory and blessedness in carrying it and making it known.

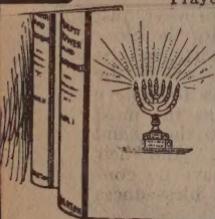
And now think of this life-giving Christ. God gave Him that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life. The whosoever and believe are inseparably connected. "But how shall they believe on Him of whom they have not heard?" Did Christ fail here, and after revealing the love and winning the life make no provision for the message being made known? Verily, no. He made provision. He arranged that every believer, every member of His body, should share with Him the glory and the blessedness of communicating the Divine life and love. The self-propagating power, which is the mark of all life and all love, was to find its highest manifestation in His church. The life of each believer was to be a seed bringing forth fruit after its kind.

Alas! how little the church understands or teaches this—that every believer, just like every branch on a tree, exists only to bring forth fruit and blessing for the glory of the Husbandman and the life of men. Christ gave God's love in charge to His people, entrusted Himself and the eternal life to them, that everyone whom the great whosoever includes might hear and live. And Christians profess to believe that the hundreds of millions are committed to their care, and must, as the most urgent and important work in the world, have the Gospel preached to them, and yet rest content in giving, out of their abundance, a few guineas a year. And their mind and heart and strength they give to the interests of time. They have no conception of the true Christian life, of the calling and the glory and the blessedness of, like Christ, living as the channels of God's love to a perishing world.

We do indeed need a great, a mighty revival. Let us plead with God that it may begin with ourselves in secret. It will reveal to us the force of the three great words—the perishing world, God's saving love, and the Christ who through His members carries life to that world. However ignorant we may be of what we ought to do, or impotent to do what we see of this great work, let us offer ourselves unceasingly to God, to live for nothing less than what He lives for. He will inspire and guide and embolden us. When the great revival begins in our own hearts, it has begun, and it will spread. We shall have new confidence in prayer and new power in work. And our work will have a new joy as we realize how it is the devotion to a great cause, which has its beginning in the love of God, its law in the life of Christ, its strength in the power of that Holy Spirit who makes us one with Him in the work of conquering the world for God.—South African Pioneer.

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